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the fact that the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) has been the most widely cited journal in the field of medicine for over 100 years (Roberts, 1999).

There are a number of reasons why the JAMA has been so successful. First, it has a long history of publishing high-quality research. Second, it has a strong reputation for being a leading journal in the field of medicine. Third, it has a large circulation, which makes it a valuable resource for many researchers. Finally, it has a strong editorial board, which helps to ensure the quality of the research published in the journal.

There are a number of challenges facing the JAMA today. First, the journal is facing increasing competition from other journals in the field of medicine. Second, the journal is facing a decline in its circulation. Third, the journal is facing a decline in its reputation for being a leading journal in the field of medicine. Finally, the journal is facing a decline in its editorial board.

There are a number of ways in which the JAMA can overcome these challenges. First, the journal can improve the quality of its research. Second, the journal can increase its circulation. Third, the journal can improve its reputation for being a leading journal in the field of medicine. Finally, the journal can improve its editorial board.

There are a number of ways in which the JAMA can improve the quality of its research. First, the journal can increase the number of reviewers for each article. Second, the journal can increase the number of articles published. Third, the journal can increase the number of articles published in the field of medicine. Finally, the journal can increase the number of articles published in the field of medicine.

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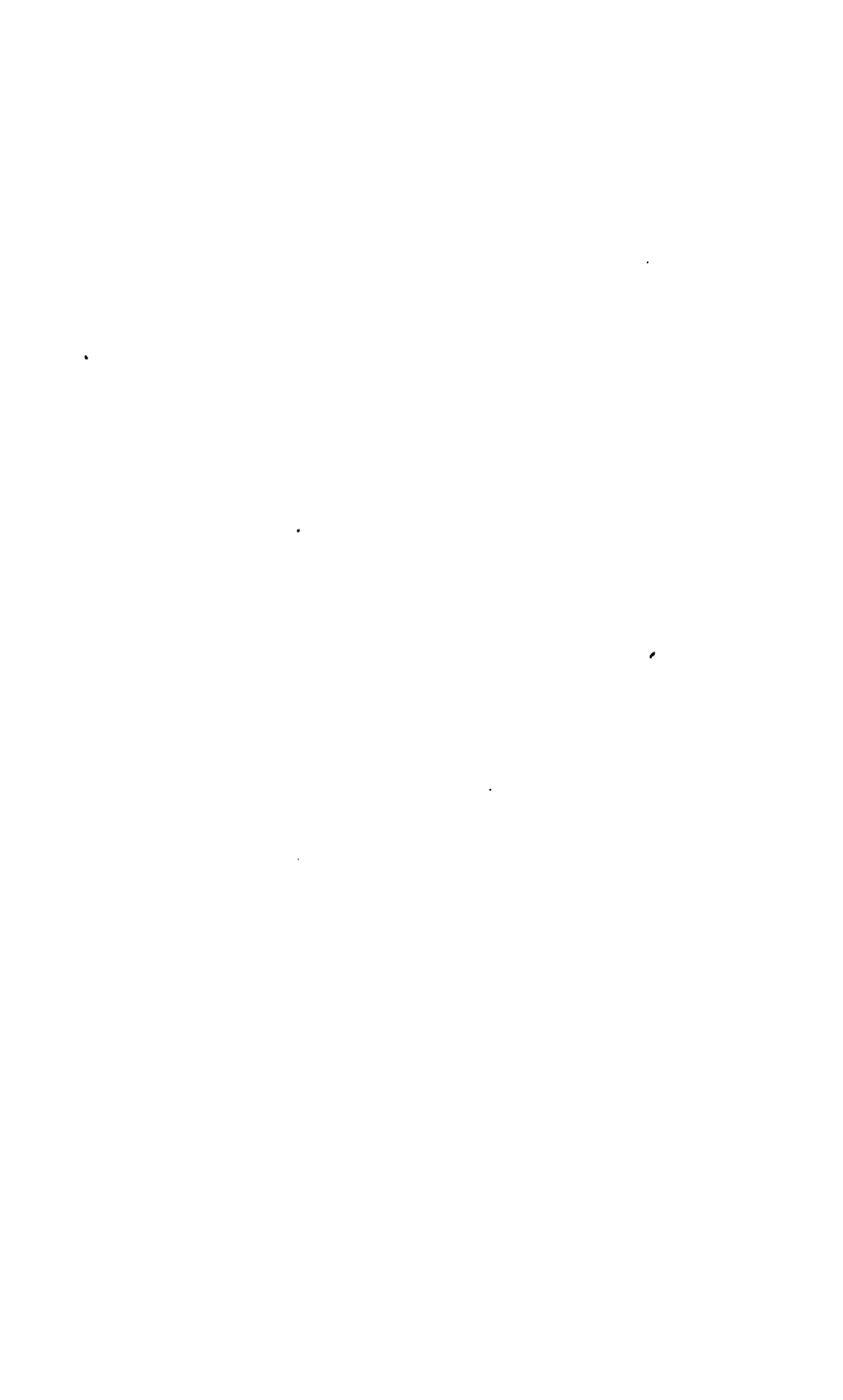
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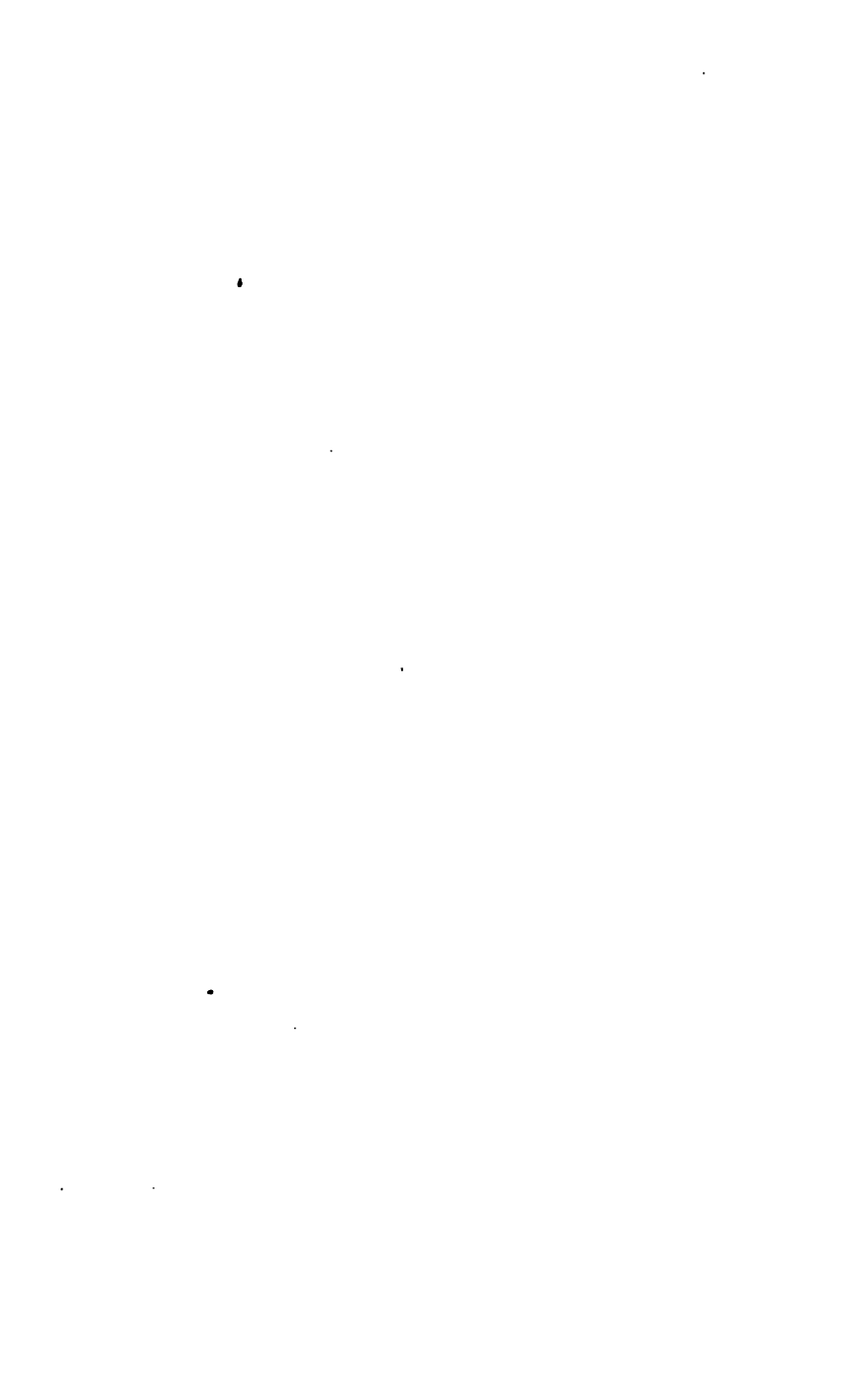


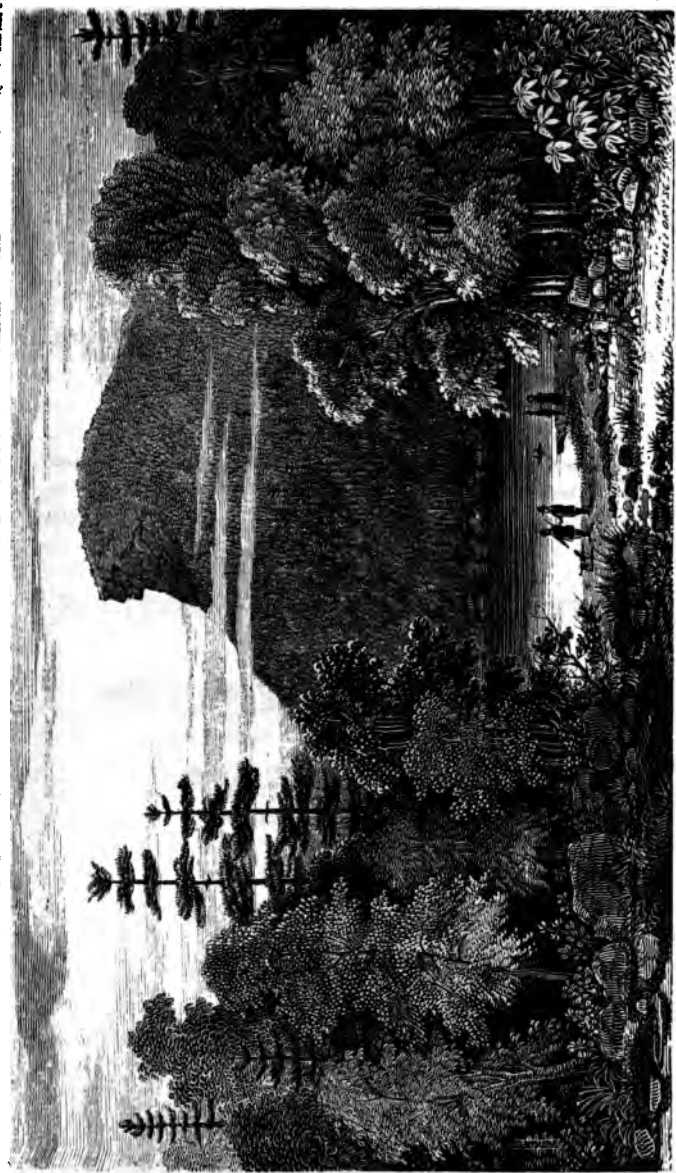












THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

**GATHERED SKETCHES**  
**FROM**  
**THE EARLY HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**NEW HAMPSHIRE AND VERMONT;**  
**CONTAINING**  
**VIVID AND INTERESTING ACCOUNTS OF A GREAT VARIETY**  
**OF THE**  
**ADVENTURES OF OUR FOREFATHERS,**  
**And of other Incidents of Olden Time.**

**ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.**

**EDITED BY**  
**FRANCIS CHASE, M. A.**

**CLAREMONT, N. H.:**  
**TRACY, KENNEY & CO.**  
**1856.**

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## P R E F A C E .

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GENTLE reader, you have before you a collection of Sketches, gathered from the early history of New Hampshire and Vermont; or, perhaps we ought to say, a *selection*, for the first period of the existence of these two states is a deep and copious mine, from which the diligent student may exhume any number of incidents, which it would be well worth while, both as a matter of curiosity and of information, to place before the reading public.

In this selection you will find incidents both grave and gay, both pathetic and amusing; some of them of considerable historical importance, and others which some persons might think almost trifling. But it is intended that the following pages shall illustrate as fully as possible the character of the times in which our ancestors lived. Their life, as is ours, was made up of trifles and weightier things combined, and the best illustration is that in which minor matters have their due proportion. We hope they will not be found too numerous in this attempt.

The Editor takes no credit to himself for his portion of the work. His work has been, for the most part, merely to select and arrange, adding here and there a note or a prefatory remark to clear up the meaning of the text, or to give additional information. Such articles as have been taken from connected histories have of course been altered to make them clear and intelligible when standing by themselves. Matters not connected with the main point of the story have been pruned out, and in some cases elucidating sentences have been put in; occasionally too, an inelegant

expression has been amended. The biographical and a few other articles have been prepared expressly for this work. Some fragments have been found in looking over old files of newspapers; but most of them have been culled from books now out of print, and inaccessible to the majority of readers. Where the origin of an article has been certainly known, it has been duly credited. The Editor takes pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to the following excellent works: Williams's History of Vermont, Belknap's History of New Hampshire, Drake's Indian Captivities, Farmer and Moore's Historical Collections of New Hampshire, De Puy's Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Heroes of '76, and Powers's interesting little History of the Coos Country. For the excellent fragment of history entitled "Kilburn's Defence," he is indebted to the faithful pen of Dr. E. Morse, of Walpole, N. H.

Above all, he would offer his sincerest thanks to those kind friends, without whose generous assistance he could, in his present circumstances, by no means have performed the labor of preparing the present work. He indulges the hope that their joint labors will be kindly received, and that this humble book may, in the houses of both the lofty and the lowly of New England, be a source of lasting pleasure. To the aged may it bring up pleasant pictures of former days; to the rising generation may it serve as an instructive history of times past, and as an agreeable substitute for the useless works of fiction which are scattered in such profusion throughout the land.

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## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

No history is more interesting to a nation than the narrative of its own origin and progress. No events are more attractive to young and old than the incidents of varied suffering and prosperity, of romance and of sturdy fact, which cluster around the beginning of their country's existence. The polished writers of Greece and Rome knew this, and because Homer and Virgil sang of these things, their vivid and graceful verses were in the mouths of the lowest as well as the highest of their countrymen. Greeks and Romans alike were fain to magnify into gods and heroes the founders of their respective empires. The exploits of Jason, Hercules, and Romulus were magnified by tradition into superhuman actions ; and their heroic achievements were related in hovel and palace with equal pride and admiration. In this respect, the feelings that actuated ancient nations prevail in the same degree among modern ones. And perhaps there is no

nation on the face of the earth that has so much patriotic pride in their ancestry as our own. A son of that state whose green and beautiful mountains have given it a name, feels his bosom glow as warmly when the name of Ethan Allen is mentioned, as did the Greek when speaking of his Hercules, or the Roman when relating the deeds of Romulus. There is no nation indeed which has more reason to be proud of its founders than our own, and there are no states, within the broad boundaries of our country, whose early history is fraught with incidents so interesting, or so full of exciting adventure, as is that of New Hampshire and Vermont. The first settlers of these states were men of strong arms and brave hearts, who came with wives as energetic and fearless as themselves, to hew them out a home from among the dense and tangled forests which then covered the land. They were men fitted either for action or endurance. They were accustomed to the hardships of a frontier life. They understood the ways of the savage tribes which surrounded them, and were most of them more than a match for their wily foe in all the arts and stratagems of Indian warfare. True, they were sometimes overpowered by numbers, or lured by the savages into traps set for their destruction ; but still it seems almost a wonder that they were able to exist, or to stand at all against a numerous and cunning enemy. Their settlements were scattered ; so much so, that frequently one family was located several miles distant from any other. Such a

position was of course exposed at all times to open and secret attacks from a savage foe, and called for the most extreme caution on the part of the adventurous settlers. Each cabin was a castle, that must be defended by the inhabitants to the death. The story of "Kilburn's Defence" will be found to illustrate what has been said on this point.

There seems to be a peculiar propriety in connecting the early histories of New Hampshire and Vermont. True, New Hampshire was settled by the whites one hundred years before any permanent location had been made by civilized persons within the borders of Vermont; still, the same tribes of Indians roamed and hunted over the whole territory. The French and Indians of Canada, when they dashed down upon the infant settlements of New Hampshire, took their course over the verdant mountains of Vermont and along the meadows of the Connecticut Valley; and when they returned, they dragged their unwilling and woe-worn captives through the same forests and across the same green hills. They were connected too, in the eye of the law, by grants from the crown of England; which made the western boundary of New Hampshire extend to within twenty miles of the Hudson River. The State of New York did indeed set up an opposing claim to the land west of the Connecticut River; but the claims of New Hampshire had been first acknowledged by many of the actual settlers, and though New York tried to enforce her authority she could not succeed. For some time previous to

the revolutionary war quite a fierce strife was carried on between the inhabitants of the New Hampshire grants and the New York officials, in which the former were assisted and abetted by the authorities of the state from which they had derived their lands. No apology need therefore be made for uniting in one volume incidents from the early history of these sister states. They were connected in actual fact, and it is well they should be so in whatever resembles an historical account.

A brief sketch of the settlement of New Hampshire and Vermont may be useful as a chain to connect together the following detached narratives. As early as the year 1623 the English had begun settlements on the Piscataqua River. One David Thompson, with others, erected salt works and established a fishery at Portsmouth. Edward and William Hilton went eight miles farther up the river, to Dover. Thompson did not remain long in his location, but it does not appear that the establishment he had made was entirely deserted. The Hiltons of Dover played quite a prominent part in the early history of this state, and some of their descendants have been quite famous for their bravery, prowess, and skill in Indian warfare. It is of one of these that an incident is related in the following pages. The early settlers in New Hampshire never pretended that they sought a home in the wilderness for the sake of religious liberty. They declared openly that they came to the Piscataqua River to *fish* and to *trade*, and they hoped to

secure an abundant compensation for their labor. It was deemed probable that stores of precious metals would be found in the mountainous regions of New Hampshire; and stories of beautiful lakes and rivers abounding in fish were circulated, and received considerable credence. Having their attention turned at first to such objects, they neglected agriculture; and the growth of the settlements was consequently slow for a number of years. A number of townships were afterwards granted by Massachusetts, within the borders of New Hampshire, but were afterwards given up to the latter state. Among these were Hopkinton, Charlestown, Hinsdale, &c. Epsom, N. H., was chartered in 1727, and settled from the neighborhood of Dover. Hence Mrs. Isabella M'Coy was carried captive in 1747. Hollis was settled in 1731 by Captain Peter Powers. The interesting story of "the Boar and the Bear" is related of him.

In Vermont, the first settlement was made by the whites in 1724. The government of Massachusetts in that year erected Fort Dummer, near what is now Brattleboro'. Soon after, Startwell's and Bridgeman's forts were built a little below, in the present town of Vernon, Vt. It was at the latter that the tragical event occurred which is described in the narrative of the captivity of Mrs. Howe. These forts were formerly included in the township of Hinsdale, New Hampshire, but were given up to Vermont when the two states separated. After the establishment of Fort Dummer, the settlement of

the Connecticut valley went on rapidly. The first settlement by the English on the west side of the Green Mountains was made at Bennington in 1761, although a charter had been granted for the town in 1749 by Benning Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire. The French had located themselves on the banks of Lake Champlain, opposite to Crown Point, but evacuated both places when General Amherst captured Ticonderoga in 1759. The Abenâqui or St. Francis tribe of Indians were the greatest and most powerful enemies the English had among the denizens of the forest. These were scattered all along the northern part of New Hampshire and Vermont, and throughout Maine. This was the tribe that espoused most strongly the cause of the French in their wars against the colonists. From first to last, they were the cause of a vast deal of bloodshed and misery to our ancestors. A portion of the tribe is still existing in Canada; but while the descendants of the English have constantly gone forward in wealth and prosperity, and in all the arts of civilization and refinement, these down-trodden sons of the wilderness have sunk lower and lower, until they are hardly the shadows even of what they once were. While we drop the tear of pity over the sufferings of our fathers, let us not fail generously to commiserate the wretched condition of those who caused these sufferings. *Parcete victis.*

## THE RED MAN'S STRATAGEM.

AN INCIDENT IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF COCHECO.

1666.

THE early settlers of Cocheco were exposed at all times to the relentless hostility of the Indians. No precautions could circumvent their stratagems. They came at all times and in all seasons, with the tomahawk in one hand and the torch in the other, to massacre and destroy. The traveller was cut down on his journey, the husbandman was butchered in his field, the women and children were assaulted at the fireside, and consigned to an ignominious death, or a captivity worse than death.

In the summer of 1666, a band of savages made a descent upon the infant settlement. Their approach having, on this occasion, been observed, time was afforded for such of the inhabitants as could not do good service at bush fighting, to retreat to the block-houses or garrisons. The women and children were hurriedly gathered within the palisades of their defences, while the rifle of the husband and father for a moment checked the advances of the enemy. There were at this time some half a dozen of these block-houses at Cocheco, all of which, with one



exception, were successfully defended against this assault of the savages. The manner in which this one was captured shows at once the wily character of the enemy against which our fathers had to guard their possessions and their lives, and the perseverance with which that enemy labored to effect their machinations.

The Indians, having been repulsed in their first onset upon the settlement, retired, carrying with them the bodies of several of their warriors, who had been shot down in the fight. Two or three of the white men had also been killed. Their bodies were also dragged off, and, having been scalped and otherwise horribly mutilated, were left as a prey to the beasts of the field; while the remains of the Indian braves who had fallen were interred with all the forms and ceremonies of their race. The inhabitants of Coheco were congratulating themselves upon their successful escape from the enemy. Some of their little band, it was true, had fallen — some, too, whom they could but illy spare. Their voices hereafter would be missed in the council, and their arms in the fight. But such things were of common occurrence, and the cares of a precarious existence left little time for mourning to the living.

The Indians, though repulsed, had not abandoned their designs upon Coheco. They retired only to devise new, and, as they hoped, more successful stratagems for surprising the white man. For several days the watchfulness of the inhabitants circumvented all their machinations, during which they

did not deem it prudent to show their copper-colored visages within the range or reach of a rifle shot from the block-houses.

On the fourth day after the first attack they discovered that one of the block-houses, which was built on the margin of the river, could be entered on the water side, provided any means could be devised to reach it unobserved. To proceed to it openly in their canoes, and make the attempt, either by day or night, was out of the question, as the inhabitants kept a strict lookout, and would have bored a bullet hole through the head of the first Indian that came within their reach. In this block-house were four men, with their families, in all about twenty. The Indians, having discovered an opening to the garrison, were not long in devising a way to enter it.

About half a mile above the settlement was a mowing field, the grass of which had been cut and made into cocks by some of the Cocheco men, the day before the descent of the Indians upon them. It was ready for the barn, and as soon as the Indians should retire, it was the intention of the owners to cart it in. Early in the morning of the fourth day, however, they discovered that the enemy, having exhausted every other means of annoying them, were about to commence an assault with and under cover of the hay. Having procured a cart belonging to the settlement, which they had found within their reach, they placed a large quantity of the hay upon it, and having dragged it within a short

distance of the garrison, set it on fire, and, under cover of the burning mass, attempted to back it up to and burn with it the garrison.

Previous to this, however, they had, as it seemed, in mere wantonness, set some fifteen or twenty cocks of the hay adrift in the river, which were floating slowly down towards the garrison. The besieged had observed this movement, but, suspecting nothing, directed their attention exclusively to the danger which was pressing upon them on the other side of the garrison. The cart, with its contents in a mass of flames, was coming down upon them. The men of the garrison stationed themselves at the loopholes, with their guns, to pick off as many of the enemy, as they approached, as they could reach; while the women and children brought up water from the river, which they obtained through the door which the Indians had previously discovered, to extinguish the flames.

The burning hay had reached the garrison, and was sending its lurid flames far above the walls; yet, as the house was built of unhewn logs, massive and strong, the fire made but little impression upon it. More than one Indian who had assisted in pushing down the cart had paid for his temerity with his life; the muskets of the besieged kept them at bay, or cut them down, as they exposed themselves; and the fire from the hay would have been extinguished, and the garrison successfully defended, had it not been carried in another quarter.

While the inmates of the garrison were thus de-

fending themselves from the attack on the land side, the hay in the river had floated down opposite the garrison, having gradually drawn towards the shore as it approached ; and as the besieged, having driven the Indians from the cover of the burning hay, were employed in extinguishing it, a dozen savages sprang upon them, as it were, from the bosom of the river, entering the garrison from the water side. Each hay cock had concealed the head of an Indian, as he swam down the river beneath it!

The inmates of the garrison who escaped the tomahawk, with the exception of some half a dozen who succeeded in reaching one of the neighboring houses, were carried off as captives into Canada. Some of the more feeble died on the journey, and were left by the wayside ; others lived to return, after years of hardship and suffering, to their friends.

## DEATH OF MAJOR WALDRON.

DOVER, N. H., JUNE 27, 1689.

IN August, 1676, King Philip was slain. Some of his followers took refuge among the Penacooks, others with the eastern Indians — the Ossipees and Pequawketts. Hostilities were renewed through the influence of these refugees, and at length two companies of soldiers were sent from Boston to Dover. Here they found a large number of Indians at the house of Major Waldron, whom they regarded as their friend and father. The Boston companies had orders to seize all Indians who had been engaged in King Philip's war, and, recognizing such among the number, would have fallen upon them at once had they not been dissuaded by Major Waldron, who proposed to have a training and sham fight the next day, in order to take them by stratagem. This having been done, they were all seized and disarmed. A separation was then made ; the Penacooks and those who had made peace the autumn before were set at liberty ; while the refugees — the *strange Indians*, as they were called — were retained as prisoners to the number of two hundred. Seven or eight, who were convicted of having killed Eng-

(18)

lishmen, were executed. The rest were sold into slavery in foreign parts.

Thirteen years passed since the seizure of the Indians at Dover; but they still remembered it, and longed for vengeance. Some of those who had been sold into slavery had returned to excite their brethren, and they soon broke out in hostilities.

On the evening of the 27th of June, 1689, two squaws applied at each of the garrisoned houses in Dover for lodging. The people, fearing no danger, readily admitted them. Mesandowit, one of the chiefs, was entertained at Major Waldron's. "*Brother Waldron,*" said he, with his usual familiarity, while they were at supper, "*what would you do if the strange Indians should come?*" "*I can assemble a hundred men,*" was the reply, "*by lifting up my finger.*" With this fatal confidence they retired to rest. When all was quiet, those within opened the gates and gave the signal. The savages rushed in and began their bloody work. Waldron, though eighty years of age, seized his sword and drove the assailants back through two doors, but when returning for his other arms, was stunned with a hatchet, and fell. They then dragged him into his hall, seated him in an elbow chair upon a long table, and insultingly asked, "Who shall judge Indian now?" After feasting upon provisions which they compelled the rest of the family to procure, each one with a knife cut gashes in Waldron's breast, saying, "*I cross out my account!*" They then cut off his nose and ears, and forced them into his mouth; and when, weakened

from the loss of blood, he was about to fall from the table, his own sword was held under him, which put an end to his tortures. At other houses, similar acts of cruelty were perpetrated, and in the whole, twenty-three persons were killed, and twenty-nine carried prisoners to Canada, who were shortly sold to the French. Many houses were burned, and much property was plundered ; but so expeditious were the Indians, that they had fled beyond reach before the neighboring people could be collected.

## THE CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS OF MISS SARAH GERISH,

WHO WAS TAKEN AT THE SACKING OF DOVER, IN 1689, BY THE  
INDIANS, AS COMMUNICATED TO THE REV. DR. COTTON MATHER  
BY THE REV. JOHN PIKE, MINISTER OF DOVER.

SARAH GERISH, daughter of Captain John Gerish, of Quochecho, or Coheco, was a very beautiful and ingenious damsel, about seven years of age, and happened to be lodging at the garrison of Major Waldron, her affectionate grandfather, when the Indians brought that horrible destruction upon it, on the night of the 27th of June, 1689. She was always very fearful of the Indians ; but fear, may we think, now surprised her when they fiercely bade her go into a certain chamber and call the people out. She obeyed ; but finding only a little child in bed in the room, she got into the bed with it, and hid herself in the clothes as well as she could.

The fell savages quickly pulled her out, and made her dress for a march, but led her away with no more than one stocking upon her, on a terrible march through the thick woods, and a thousand other miseries, till they came to the Norway Planes.\* From thence they made her go to the end of Winni-

\* The "Norway Planes" are in the present town of Rochester, N. H.



pisahogee Lake ; thence eastward, through horrid swamps, where sometimes they were obliged to scramble over huge trees fallen by storm or age, for a vast way together, and sometimes they must climb up long, steep, tiresome, and almost inaccessible mountains.

Her first master was an Indian named Sebundowit, a dull sort of fellow, and not such a devil as many of them were ; but he sold her to a fellow who was a more harsh and mad sort of a dragon. He carried her away to Canada.

A long and sad journey now ensued, through the midst of a hideous desert, in the depth of a dreadful winter. And who can enumerate the frights she endured before the end of her journey ! Once her master commanded her to loosen some of her upper garments, and stand against a tree while he charged his gun ; whereat the poor child shrieked out, "He is going to kill me !" God knows what he was going to do ; but the villain having charged his gun, he called her from the tree, and forbore doing her any damage. Upon another time, her master ordered her to run along the shore with some Indian girls, while he paddled up the river in his canoe. As the girls were passing a precipice, a tawny wench violently pushed her headlong into the river ; but so it fell out that in this very place of her fall the bushes from the shore hung over the water, so that she was enabled to get hold of them, and thus saved herself. The Indians asked her how she became so wet, but she did not dare to tell them, from

fear of the resentment of her that had so nearly deprived her of life already. And here it may be remarked that it is almost universally true that young Indians, both male and female, are as much to be dreaded by captives as those of maturer years, and in many cases much more so ; for, unlike cultivated people, they have no restraint upon their mischievous and savage propensities, which they indulge in cruelties surpassing any examples here related. They often vie with each other in attempting excessive acts of torture.

Once, being spent with travelling all day, and lying down wet and exhausted at night, she fell into so profound a sleep that in the morning she waked not. Her barbarous captors decamped from the place of their night's rest, leaving this little captive girl asleep, and covered with a snow that in the night had fallen ; but at length awaking, what agonies may you imagine she was in on finding herself left a prey for bears and wolves, and without any sustenance, in a howling wilderness, many scores of leagues from any plantation ! In this dismal situation, however, she had fortitude sufficient to attempt to follow them. And here again, the snow which had been her covering upon the cold ground, to her great discomfort, was now her only hope, for she could just discern by it the trace of the Indians. How long it was before she overtook them is not told us, but she joined them and continued her captivity.

Now the young Indians began to terrify her by

constantly reminding her that she was shortly to be roasted to death. One evening much fuel was prepared between two logs, which they told her was for her torture. A mighty fire being made, her master called her to him, and told her that she should presently be burnt alive. At first she stood amazed ; then burst into tears ; and then she hung about her tiger of a master, begging of him, with an inexpressible anguish, to save her from the fire. Thereupon the monster so far relented as to tell her "that if she would be a good girl she should not be burnt."

At last they arrived at Canada, and she was carried to the Lord Intendant's house, where many persons of quality took much notice of her. It was a week after this that she remained in the Indians' hands before the price of her ransom could be agreed upon. But then the Lady Intendant sent her to the nunnery, where she was comfortably provided for ; and it was the design, as was said, for to have brought her up in the Romish religion, and then to have married her unto the son of the Lord Intendant.

She was kindly used there, until Sir William Phipps, lying before Quebec, did, upon exchange of prisoners, obtain her liberty. After sixteen months' captivity, she was restored unto her friends, who had the consolation of having this their desirable daughter again with them, returned as it were from the dead. But this dear child was not to cheer her parents' path for a long period ; for, on arriving at her sixteenth year, July, 1697, death carried her off by a malignant fever.

## THREE NARRATIVES

OF EXCESSIVE DISTRESS OF PERSONS TAKEN AT THE DESTRUCTION OF SALMON FALLS, IN THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, ON THE 27TH OF MARCH, 1690; VIZ., THE CRUEL TORTURE OF ROBERT ROGERS, THE FIVE YEARS' CAPTIVITY OF MEHETABLE GOODWIN, AND THE FORTUNATE ESCAPE OF THOMAS TOOGOOD.

[From the *Magnalia Christi Americana* of Dr. Cotton Mather.]

WHEN the news of the destruction of Schenectady reached New England, it spread great alarm over the whole country. The wise men gave particular caution to all the frontier posts, urging them to keep strict watch, and to make strong their fortifications; but the people in the east did not their duty, and Salmon Falls, a fine settlement upon a branch of Pascataqua River, fell into the hands of an infuriated and cruel enemy.

But, as has been observed, notwithstanding these warnings, the people dreamed that while the deep snow of the winter continued, they were safe enough, which proved as vain as a dream of a dry summer. Near thirty persons were slain, and more than fifty were led into what the reader will by and by call the worst captivity in the world. It would be a long story to tell what a particular share in this

calamity fell to the lot of the family of one Clement Short. This honest man, with his pious wife and three children, were killed, and six or seven others of their children were made prisoners. The most of these arrived safe at Canada, through a thousand hardships ; and the most of these were, with more than a thousand mercies, afterwards redeemed from Canada, and returned unto their English friends again. But, as we cannot take notice of all the individuals, we will pass to the notice of those named at the commencement of this narrative.

Among the prisoners was one Robert Rogers, with whom, as the Indians journeyed, they came to a hill, where this man, (being, through his corpulency, called Robin Pork,) being under such an intolerable and unsupportable burden of Indian luggage, was not so able to travel as the rest ; he therefore, watching for an opportunity, made his escape. The wretches, missing him, immediately went in pursuit of him, and it was not long before they found his burden cast in the way, and the tracks of his feet going out of the way. This they followed, and found him hid in a hollow tree. They dragged him out, stripped him, beat and pricked him, pushed him forward with the points of their swords, until they got back to the hill from whence he had escaped. It being almost night, they fastened him to a tree, with his hands behind him, then made themselves a supper, singing and dancing around him, roaring, and uttering great and many signs of joy, but with

joy little enough to the poor creature, who foresaw what all this tended to.

The Indians next cut a parcel of wood, and bringing it into a plain place, they cut off the top of a small red oak tree, leaving the trunk for a stake, whereunto they bound their sacrifice. They first made a great fire near this *tree of death*, and bringing Rogers unto it, bid him take his leave of his friends, which he did in a doleful manner, such as no pen, though made of a harpy's quill, were able to describe the dolor of it. They then allowed him a little time to make his prayers unto Heaven, which he did with an extreme fervency and agony ; whereupon they bound him to the stake, and brought the rest of the prisoners, with their arms tied each to the other, and seated them round the fire. This being done, they went behind the fire, and thrust it forwards upon the man, with much laughter and shouting ; and when the fire had burnt some time upon him, even till he was almost suffocated, they pulled it away from him, to prolong his existence.

They now resumed their dancing around him, and at every turn they did with their knives cut collops of his flesh out of his naked limbs, and throw them with his blood into his face. In this manner was their work continued, until he expired.

Being now dead, they set his body down upon the glowing coals of fire, and thus left him tied with his back to the stake, where he was found by some English forces soon after, who were in pursuit of these Indians.

MEHETABLE GOODWIN, another of the captives of this band of Indians, who, it will be proper to notice, were led by the renowned Indian chief Hopelhood, had a child with her about five months old. This, through hunger and hardship, she being unable to nourish from her breast, occasioned it to make grievous and distressing ejaculations. Her Indian master told her that if the child were not quiet, he would soon dispose of it, which caused her to use all possible means that his *netopship*\* might ~~not~~ be offended ; and sometimes she would carry it from the fire out of his hearing, when she would sit down up to her waist in the snow for several hours together, until it was exhausted and lulled to sleep. She thus for several days preserved the life of her babe, until he saw cause to travel with his own cubs farther afield ; and then, lest he should be retarded in his travel, he violently snatched the babe out of its mother's arms, and before her face knocked out its brains ; and having stripped it of its few rags it had hitherto enjoyed, ordered the mother to go wash them of the blood wherewith they were stained ! Returning from this sad and melancholy task, she found the infant hanging by the neck in a forked bough of a tree. She requested liberty to lay it in the earth, but the savage said, "It is better as it is, for now the wild beasts cannot come at it ; and you may have the comfort of seeing it again if ever you come that way."

\* *Netop* is the Indian word for *friend*.

The journey now before them was like to be very long—as far as Canada, where Mrs. Goodwin's master's purpose was to make merchandise of her, and glad was she to hear such happy tidings. But the desperate length of the way, and want of food, and grief of mind, wherewith she was now encountered, caused her within a few days to faint under her difficulties ; when, at length, she sat down for some repose, with many prayers and tears unto God for the salvation of her soul, she found herself unable to rise, until she saw her furious executioner coming towards her, with fire in his eyes, the devil in his heart, and his hatchet in his hand, ready to bestow a mercy stroke of death upon her. Then it was that this poor captive woman, in this extreme misery, got upon her knees, and, with weeping and wailing, and all expressions of agony and entreaty, prevailed on him to spare her life a little longer, and she did not question but God-would enable her to walk a little faster. The merciless tyrant was prevailed with to spare her this time ; nevertheless, her former weakness quickly returning upon her, he was just going to murder her, when a couple of Indians, just at this moment coming in, called suddenly upon him to hold his hand. At this such a horror surprised his guilty soul that he ran away from her ; but hearing them call his name, he returned, and then permitted these his friends to ransom his prisoner.

After these events, as the party were seated by the side of a river, they heard several guns go off on



the opposite side, which the Indians concluded was occasioned by a party of Albany Indians, who were their enemies ; whereupon this bold blade (her old master) would needs go in a canoe to discover what they were. They fired upon and shot him through, together with several of his friends, before the discovery could be made. Some days after this, divers of his friends gathered a party to revenge his death on their supposed enemies. With these they soon joined battle, and after several hours' hard fighting, were themselves put to the rout. Among the captives which they left in their flight was this poor woman, who was overjoyed, supposing herself now at liberty ; but her joy did not last long, for these Indians were of the same sort as the others, and had been by their own friends thus, through a strange mistake, set upon.

However, this crew proved more favorable to her than the former, and went away silently with their booty, being loath to have any noise made of their foul mistake. And yet a few days after, such another mistake happened ; for meeting with another party of Indians which they imagined were in the English interest, they also furiously engaged each other, and many were killed and wounded on both sides ; but the conquerors proved to be a party of French Indians this time, who took this poor Mrs. Goodwin, and presented her to the French captain of the party, by whom she was carried to Canada, where she continued five years, after which she was brought safely back to New England.

THOMAS TOOGOOD's short narrative is introduced to relieve the reader from the contemplation of blood and misery. At the same time the other captives were taken, three Indians hotly pursued this man, and one of them overtaking him, while the rest perceiving it, staid behind the hill, having seen him quietly yield himself a prisoner. While the Indian was getting out his strings to bind his prisoner, he held his gun under his arm, which Toogood observing, suddenly sprang and wrested it from him; and momentarily presenting it at the Indian, protested that he would shoot him down if he made the least noise. And so away he ran with it unto Quochecho. If my reader be now inclined to smile, when he thinks how simply poor *Isgrim* looked,\* returning to his mates behind the hill, without either gun or prey, or any thing but strings, to remind him of his own deserts, I am sure his brethren felt not less so, for they derided him with ridicule at his misadventure. The Indians are singularly excessive in the practice of sporting at the misfortunes of one another in any case they are outwitted, or have been guilty of committing any blunder.

\* The only retaliation the baffled savage was able to make upon Toogood was to cry out *Nogood, Nogood*, as his intended victim disappeared.

## LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

A BALLAD. N. H. HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

APRIL 18, 1725.

"THE story of Lovewell's Fight," says the North American Review, "is one of the nursery tales of New Hampshire. There is hardly a person that lives in the eastern and northern part of the state but has heard incidents of that fearful encounter repeated from infancy. It was on the 18th of April, 1725, that Captain John Lovewell, of Dunstable, Massachusetts, with thirty-four men, fought a famous Indian chief, named Paugus, at the head of about eighty savages, near the shores of a pond in Pequawkett.\* Lovewell's men were determined to conquer or die, although outnumbered by the Indians more than one half. They fought till Lovewell and Paugus were killed, and all Lovewell's men but nine were either killed or wounded dangerously. The savages having lost, as was supposed, sixty of their number out of eighty, and being convinced of the fierce and determined resolution of

\* The Indian name of a considerable tract of country including Conway, N. H., Fryeburg, Me., and the adjacent towns.

their foes, at length retreated and left them masters of the ground. The scene of this desperate and bloody action, which took place in the town which is now called Fryeburg, is often visited with interest to this day, and the names of those who fell, and those who survived, are yet repeated with emotions of grateful exultation."

What time the noble LOVEWELL came,  
With fifty men from Dunstable,  
The cruel Pequa'tt tribe to tame,  
With arms and bloodshed terrible.

Then did the crimson streams, that flowed,  
Seem like the waters of the brook,  
That brightly shine, that loudly dash  
Far down the cliffs of Agiochook.

With Lovewell brave, John Harwood came ;  
From wife and babes 'twas hard to part ;  
Young Harwood took her by the hand,  
And bound the weeper to his heart.

" Repress that tear, my Mary dear,"  
Said Harwood to his loving wife ;  
" It tries me hard to leave thee here,  
And seek in distant woods the strife.

" When gone, my Mary, think of me,  
And pray to God that I may be  
Such as one ought that lives for thee,  
And come at last in victory."

Thus left young Harwood babe and wife ;  
With accent wild, she bade adieu ;  
It grieved those lovers much to part,  
So fond and fair, so kind and true.

Seth Wyman,\* who in Woburn lived,  
(A marksman he of courage true,)  
Shot the first Indian whom they saw ;  
Sheer through his heart the bullet flew.

The savage had been seeking game ;  
Two guns and eke a knife he bore,  
And two black ducks were in his hand ;  
He shrieked, and fell, to rise no more.†

Anon, there eighty Indians rose,  
Who'd hid themselves in ambush dread ;  
Their knives they shook, their guns they aimed,  
The famous Paugus at their head.

Good heavens ! they dance the powwow dance ;  
What horrid yells the forest fill !  
The grim bear crouches in his den,  
The eagle seeks the distant hill.

\* He was Lovewell's lieutenant. He distinguished himself in such a signal manner that, after his return, he was presented with a silver-hilted sword and a captain's commission.

† This Indian was no doubt placed there as a decoy. Suspecting this, the men concealed their packs and advanced with great caution. Meantime Paugus and Wahwa, with two parties of Indians, followed their trail till they found the packs. About these they placed themselves in ambush, and when the Englishmen returned, rose and commenced the attack.

"What means this dance, this powwow dance?"

Stern Wyman said; with wondrous art  
He crept full near, his rifle aimed,  
And shot the leader through the heart.

John Lovewell, captain of the band,  
His sword he waved, that glittered bright,  
For the last time he cheered his men,  
And led them onward to the fight.

"Fight on, fight on," brave Lovewell said;  
"Fight on, while Heaven shall give you breath!"  
An Indian ball then pierced him through,  
And Lovewell closed his eyes in death.

John Harwood died all bathed in blood,  
When he had fought till set of day!  
And many more we may not name  
Fell in that bloody battle fray.

When news did come to Harwood's wife,  
That he with Lovewell fought and died,  
Far in the wilds had given his life,  
Nor more would in their home abide,—

Such grief did seize upon her mind,  
Such sorrow filled her faithful breast,  
On earth she ne'er found peace again,  
But followed Harwood to his rest.

'Twas Paugus led the Pequett tribe;  
As runs the fox would Paugus run;

As howls the wild wolf would he howl ;  
A large bear skin had Paugus on.

But Chamberlain, of Dunstable,  
(One whom a savage ne'er shall slay,)  
Met Paugus by the water side,  
And shot him dead upon that day.\*

Good heavens ! is this a time for prayer ?  
Is this a time to worship God ?  
When Lovewell's men are dying fast,  
And Paugus' tribe hath felt the rod ?

The chaplain's name was Jonathan Frye ;  
In Andover his father dwelt,  
And oft with Lovewell's men he'd prayed,  
Before the mortal wound he felt.

\* The death of this celebrated Indian happened in this manner: Paugus and Chamberlain had been foes, and had met in bloody fray before the present battle. Towards the close of the day the guns of each had become foul from constant firing, and they came at the same time to the water's edge for the purpose of washing them. Paugus was up stream and Chamberlain below. They immediately recognized each other. "Now, Paugus," said Chamberlain, "it is you or I." "Yes," answered the warrior, "it is you or I." Both then sprang to the water, and commenced cleaning their pieces. Each strained every nerve, conscious that to be last would be death. Almost with the rapidity of lightning the guns were washed out and dried. They began loading at the same instant. The muskets were primed, the powder rammed home, the bullets thrown into the muzzles, and who could tell the issue ! But now appeared the advantage of Chamberlain's position. Paugus, standing above Chamberlain, was obliged to follow his ball with a wad, to prevent its rolling out. Chamberlain dropped the ball down the muzzle of his piece, his eye glanced along the barrel, and with a yell the Indian chief leaped into the air and fell headlong into the brook.

A man was he of comely form,  
Polished and brave, well learnt and kind ;  
Old Harvard's learned halls he left,  
Far in the wilds a grave to find.

Ah, now his blood-red arm he lifts,  
His closing lids he tries to raise,  
And speak once more before he dies,  
In supplication and in praise.

He prays kind Heaven to grant success, &  
Brave Lovewell's men to guide and bless,  
And when they've shed their heart blood true,  
To raise them all to happiness.

"Come hither, Farwell," said young Frye,  
"You see that I'm about to die ;  
Now for the love I bear to you,  
When cold in death my bones shall lie, —

"Go thou and see my parents dear,  
And tell them you stood by me here ;  
Console them when they cry, Alas !  
And wipe away the falling tear."

Lieutenant Farwell took his hand,  
His arm around his neck he threw,  
And said, "Brave chaplain, I could wish  
That Heaven had made me die for you.



The chaplain on kind Farwell's breast,  
    Bloody and languishing he fell ;  
Nor after this said more, but *this*,  
    " I love thee, soldier ; fare thee well."

Ah, many a wife shall rend her hair,  
    And many a child cry, " Woe is me !"  
When messengers the news shall bear,  
    Of Lovewell's dear-bought victory.\*

With footsteps slow shall travellers go,  
    Where Lovewell's Pond shines clear and bright,  
And mark the place where those are laid  
    Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight.

Old men shall shake their heads, and say,  
    " Sad was the hour and terrible  
When Lovewell brave 'gainst Paugus went,  
    With fifty men from Dunstable."

\* Of the thirty-four men who belonged to Lovewell's party, but nine returned unhurt ; eleven came back wounded, and three had to be left behind on account of their severe wounds. Among these three was Ensign Robbins, who desired to have his gun charged and left by his side, that he might kill one more of them, should they return.

## THE BOAR AND THE BEAR.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. GRANT POWERS, FOR THE HISTORICAL  
COLLECTIONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1731.

THE town of Hollis, in the county of Hillsborough, N. H., is one of the oldest towns in the county, and was first settled by Captain Peter Powers, and Anna, his wife, from Hampshire, Dunstable, in 1731. Those early settlers were accustomed to the rearing of many swine, by permitting them to run at large in the woods, and to subsist upon roots, acorns, and nuts, which were produced in great abundance in the place. In the fall of the year, or at the time of the first deep snow, the older members of the herd, that were originally tame, would lead their numerous progeny into winter quarters, at a shed erected for that purpose some distance from the house, where the owner disposed of them as he pleased, although many of them were as untame and as ferocious as the beasts of the mountains. At that time bears were plenty, and very hostile to swine. It became necessary, therefore, to provide for the defence of the herd, by permitting one of the males to live

several years beyond the period of life ordinarily assigned to that species by man ; at which time he became literally the *master of the flock*. His tusks protruded on either side, in nearly semicircles, to the distance of six or seven inches. He seemed conscious of his superiority and responsibility. He was fierce in the extreme, and courted danger ; and when the herd was assailed he instantly presented himself to the foe, with eyes darting fire, with tusks heated to blueness, and foaming at the mouth in a terrific manner. He roamed the forest, unconscious of danger ; he led the herd ; and but few of the untamed tribes had the temerity to dispute his title to supremacy.

It happened, however, on a certain day in autumn, when Anna stood in the door of her cabin, listening to the oft-repeated sound of the descending axe, or the crash of falling trees, while her husband was at his daily task, that she heard from a great distance the faint yet distinct cry of one of their herd. She thought it was the cry of expiring nature. She remained in this state of suspense but a short time before the herd came rushing from the forest in the greatest apparent trepidation. The oldest dams of the herd, much exhausted, and without their common leader and protector, seemed inclined to take refuge in the apartment which had been their retreat in former winters ; but the younger branches of the family would not follow them. The dams, seeing this, dashed on through the cleared space, and disappeared in the forest on the north side. The cries

of the wounded were still heard, but grew fainter and fainter, until wholly lost in death. But the anxious Anna had not removed from her position before the old boar came rushing through the bushes in eager pursuit of his charge, which had eloped and left him in the rear by many a rood. He was fresh from the field of combat. He was bathed in blood, foaming at the mouth, gnashing his tusks, and exhibiting a terrific aspect. Regardless of home, he approached a field of corn which grew near the cabin, and leaped the fence, not touching the topmost knot, although it was proof against horses which strayed through the woods from neighboring towns in Massachusetts. He passed directly through the field, without touching a kernel of corn, and, leaping the fence on the opposite side, disappeared in the woods. Not long after the wished-for husband, whose presence the gathering shades of evening, the deep solitude of the place, and the stirring events of the afternoon, had rendered peculiarly inviting to the young partner of his toils and hopes, returned with his axe upon his shoulder, enlivening the forest with his evening whistle, and driving his old bell-cow before him, which summoned Anna with her milk pail to her evening task.

Scarcely had he secured the topmost rail to his yard enclosure, when Anna, from the window of her cabin, saw her husband held in anxious suspense. For some moments he paused and listened, but turned and called, "Anna, Anna, bring me my gun and ammunition in a minute, for the *old master* himself is

worsted." They were at his hand in a trice. "Look to yourself," said the husband, and bounded into the forest.\* Pursuing with great speed the course whence the sound proceeded, which alone broke the silence of the evening, our adventurer soon found himself at the distance of about a mile and a half from his cabin, surrounded with black alders, so thickly set as to be almost impenetrable to man and beast. Before him lay Long Pond, so called, about one mile in length, and from a quarter to a half a mile perhaps in width. He was near midway of the pond, and the sound from the laboring boar and his antagonist (a mixed, frightful yell) proceeded directly from the opposite shore. Nothing now remained but for him to plunge into the pond, and make the opposite shore by beating the waves, or to divide him a passage amidst the alders around one of the extremities of the pond, which could not be done short of travelling the distance of another mile. But no time was to be lost. The cries of the boar bespoke the greatest need, and the latter course was adopted; and in a space of time and with the courage and energy which are scarcely conceived by the present generation, he arrived at the scene of action. Whose heart does not now misgive him, while nearing the battle ground, alone, in darkness, and all uncertain as to the nature of the foe? But young Powers advanced with undaunted firmness. He was under the necessity of approaching near to

\* Indians were then numerous in the town.

the belligerents before he could make any discovery, by reason of the darkness of the night, rendered more dark by the towering trees, which mingled their branches at some sixty or seventy feet from the ground, and a dense underwood, which stood like a hedge continually before him. But as soon as he entered the area which had been beaten down during the action, he discovered the boar seated upon the ground, and still defending himself against the furious assaults of the hugest bear his eyes ever beheld. She was like his old *bell-cow* for magnitude! He drew his gun to an *aim*, when he perceived, obscurely, that the bear was on a line with him and his hog, and he could not discharge his piece without putting the life of the latter in jeopardy; and as he was moving in a circular direction to procure a safe discharge, he was discovered by the bear, and she bounded into the bushes. Powers now came up to the boar, and witnessed such tokens of gladness as surprised him. It was, however, too solemn an hour with the swine to lavish upon his deliverer unmeaning ceremonies. As soon as he found himself released from his too powerful antagonist, he prostrated himself upon the ground, and lay some time, panting and groaning in a manner truly affecting to his owner. Powers now discharged his gun, with a view to terrify the beasts of prey, and keep them off during the night. He struck and kindled a fire, and, upon a slight examination, he found that his hog was lacerated in his rear in a shocking manner. He was utterly dis-

abled from rising, except upon his fore feet. But to show the indomitable nature of the animal, I will relate that the boar, after some little time, recovered in a degree from his extreme exhaustion, and gaining the same position he had when his owner found him, began to beat a challenge for a renewal of the combat. Again his eyes flashed with rage, he stamped with his fore feet, he chafed, gnashed with his tusks, and, foaming at the mouth, he looked around with the greatest apparent firmness for his antagonist. Our adventurer now drew together fallen wood sufficient to support a fire through the night, burned powder around his swine, and returned to his cabin, where he was never more joyfully received by the young wife, who, during all this while, had remained listening at the window in painful solicitude.

The next day some help was obtained, as one family had, prior to this, moved in and settled in the south-west part of the town; and the battle ground was revisited. The boar had not moved out of his place, but was still weltering in his blood. With much labor he was conveyed home in a cart; and, as he never could become the defence of the herd again, he was yarded, fattened, and killed, and helped by his death to promote that existence to the family which he could no longer do by his life.

With a view to account for the melancholy fate of the boar, Powers and his associates went in search of the swine that was destroyed in the afternoon of the preceding day. They found one of

their largest hogs slain by a bear, and, near to, a large bear was as evidently slain by the boar. From this they inferred that the first hog was mortally wounded by a bear in the absence of the boar, but the cries of the wounded soon brought the *master*, when a battle ensued in which the bear was slain, not, however, without loss of blood from the boar ; that during this first action the rest of the herd fled, and that the boar was in pursuit of them when he passed the cabin through the field ; that after running some miles at the point of exhaustion, he fell in with a still more powerful antagonist, when his fight was comparatively feeble, and he fell, *overpowered*, but not *subdued*.



## THE CAPTIVITY OF MRS. ISABELLA M'COY, OF EPSOM, N. H.

COMMUNICATED BY THE REV. JONATHAN CURTIS, OF EPSOM, TO  
THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS.

1747.

THE Indians were first attracted to the new settlements in the town of Epsom, N. H., by discovering M'Coy at Suncook, now Pembroke. This, as nearly as can be ascertained, was in the year 1747. Reports were spread of the depredations of the Indians in various places, and M'Coy had heard that they had been seen lurking about the woods at Penacook, now Concord. He went as far as Pembroke, ascertained that they were in the vicinity, was somewhere discovered by them, and followed home. They told his wife, whom they afterwards made prisoner, that they looked through cracks around the house, and saw what they had for supper that night. They, however, did not discover themselves till the second day after. They probably wished to take a little time to learn the strength and preparation of the inhabitants. The next day, Mrs. M'Coy, attended by their two dogs, went down to see if any of the other families had returned

from the garrison. She found no one. On her return, as she was passing the block house, which stood near the present site of the meeting house, the dogs, which had passed round it, came running back growling and very much excited. Their appearance induced her to make the best of her way home. The Indians afterwards told her that they then lay concealed there, and saw the dogs when they came round.

M'Coy, being now strongly suspicious that the Indians were actually in the town, determined to set off the next day with his family for the garrison at Nottingham. His family now consisted of himself, his wife, and son John. The younger children were still at the garrison. They accordingly secured their house as well as they could, and all set off next morning, M'Coy and his son with their guns, though without ammunition, having fired away what they brought with them in hunting.

As they were travelling a little distance east of the place where the meeting house now stands, Mrs. M'Coy fell a little in the rear of the others. This circumstance gave the Indians a favorable opportunity for separating her from her husband and son. The Indians, three men and a boy, lay in ambush near the foot of Marden's hill, not far from the junction of the mountain road with the main road. Here they suffered M'Coy and his son to pass; but as his wife was passing them, they reached from the bushes, and took hold of her, charging her to make no noise, and covering her mouth with their hands, as she

cried to her husband for assistance. Her husband, hearing her cries, turned, and was about coming to her relief; but he no sooner began to advance, than the Indians, expecting probably that he would fire upon them, began to raise their pieces, which she pushed one side, and motioned to her friends to make their escape, knowing that their guns were not loaded, and that they would doubtless be killed if they approached. They accordingly ran into the woods, and made their escape to the garrison. This took place August 21, 1747.

The Indians then collected together what booty they could obtain, which consisted of an iron trammel from Mr. George Wallace's, the apples of the only tree which bore in town, which was in the orchard now owned by Mr. David Griffin, and some other trifling articles, and prepared to set off with their prisoner for Canada.

Before they took their departure, they conveyed Mrs. M'Coy to a place near the little Suncook River, where they left her in the care of the young Indian, while the three men, whose names were afterwards ascertained to be Plausawa, Sabatis, and Christi, went away, and were for some time absent. During their absence, Mrs. M'Coy thought of attempting to make her escape. She saw opportunities when she thought she might despatch the young Indian with the trammel which, with other things, was left with them, and thus perhaps avoid some strange and barbarous death, or a long and distressing captivity. But, on the other hand, she knew not at what dis-

tance the others were. If she attempted to kill her young keeper, she might fail. If she effected her purpose in this, she might be pursued and overtaken by a cruel and revengeful foe, and then some dreadful death would be her certain portion. On the whole, she thought best to endeavor to prepare her mind to bear what might be no more than a period of savage captivity. Soon, however, the Indians returned, and put an end for the present to all thoughts of escape. From the direction in which they went and returned, and from their smutty appearance, she suspected what their business had been. She told them she guessed they had been burning her house. Plausawa, who could speak some broken English, informed her they had.

They now commenced their long and tedious journey to Canada, in which the poor captive might well expect that great and complicated sufferings would be her lot. She did indeed find the journey fatiguing, and her fare scanty and precarious. But in her treatment from the Indians she experienced a very agreeable disappointment. The kindness she received from them was far greater than she had expected from those who were so often distinguished for their cruelties. The apples they had gathered they saved for her, giving her one every day. In this way they lasted her as far on the way as Lake Champlain. They gave her the last as they were crossing that lake in their canoes. This circumstance gave to the tree on which the apples grew the name of "Isabel's tree," her name being Isabella. In many ways

did they appear desirous of mitigating the distresses of their prisoner while on their tedious journey. When night came on, and they halted to repose themselves in the dark wilderness, Plausawa, the head man, would make a little couch in the leaves, a little way from theirs, cover her up with his own blanket, and there she was suffered to sleep undisturbed till morning. When they came to a river which must be forded, one of them would carry her over on his back. Nothing like insult or indecency did they ever offer her during the whole time she was with them. They carried her to Canada, and sold her as a servant to a French family, whence, at the close of that war, she returned home. But so comfortable was her condition there, and her husband being a man of rather a rough and violent temper, she declared she never should have thought of attempting the journey home, were it not for the sake of her children.

After the capture of Mrs. M'Coy, the Indians frequently visited the town, but never committed any very great depredations. The greatest damage they ever did to the property of the inhabitants was the spoiling of all the ox teams in town. At the time referred to, there were but four yoke of oxen in the place, viz., M'Coy's, Captain M'Clary's, George Wallace's, and Sergeant Blake's. It was a time of apprehension from the Indians, and the inhabitants had therefore all fled to the garrison at Nottingham. They left their oxen to graze about the woods, with a bell upon one of them. The Indians found them,

shot one out of each yoke, took out their tongues, made a prize of the bell, and left them.

The ferocity and cruelty of the savages were doubtless very much averted by a friendly, conciliating course of conduct in the inhabitants towards them. This was particularly the case in the course pursued by Sergeant Blake. Being himself a curious marksman and an expert hunter, — traits of character in their view of the highest order, — he soon secured their respect, and, by a course of kind treatment, he secured their friendship to such a degree that, though they had opportunities, they would not injure him, even in time of war.

The first he ever saw of them was a company of them making towards his house through the opening from the top of Sanborn's Hill. He fled to the woods, and there lay concealed, till they had made a thorough search about his house and enclosures, and had gone off. The next time his visitors came, he was constrained to become more acquainted with them, and to treat them with more attention. As he was busily engaged towards the close of the day in completing a yard for his cow, the declining sun suddenly threw along several enormous shadows on the ground before him. He had no sooner turned to see the cause, than he found himself in the company of a number of stately Indians. Seeing his perturbation, they patted him on the head, and told him not to be afraid, for they would not hurt him. They then went with him into his house, and their business was to search all his bottles, to see if

he had any "*occabee*" — rum. They then told him they were very hungry, and wanted something to eat. He happened to have a quarter of a bear, which he gave them. They took it, and threw it whole upon the fire, and very soon began to cut and eat from it half raw. While they were eating, he employed himself in cutting pieces from it, and broiling upon a stick for them, which pleased them very much. After their repast, they wished for the privilege of lying by his fire through the night, which he granted. The next morning they proposed trying skill with him in firing at a mark. To this he acceded. But in this, finding themselves outdone, they were much astonished and chagrined ; nevertheless, they highly commended him for his skill, patting him on the head, and telling him *if he would go off with them, they would make him their big captain*. They used often to call upon him, and his kindness to them they never forgot, even in time of war.

Plausawa had a peculiar manner of doubling his lip, and producing a very shrill, piercing whistle, which might be heard a great distance. At a time when considerable danger was apprehended from the Indians, Blake went off into the woods alone, though considered hazardous, to look for his cow that was missing. As he was passing along by Sinclair's Brook, an unfrequented place, northerly from M'Coy's Mountain, a very loud, sharp whistle, which he knew to be Plausawa's, suddenly passed through his head like the report of a pistol. The sudden

alarm almost raised him from the ground, and, with a very light step, he soon reached home without his cow. In more peaceable times, Plausawa asked him if he did not remember the time, and laughed very much to think how he ran at the fright, and told him the reason for his whistling. "*Young Indian,*" said he, "*put up gun to shoot Englishman. Me knock it down, and whistle to start you off.*" So lasting is their friendship, when treated well. At the close of the wars, the Indians built several wigwams near the confluence of Wallace's Brook with the great Suncook. On a little island in this river, near the place called "Short Falls," one of them lived for a considerable time. Plausawa and Sabatis were finally both killed in time of peace by one of the whites, after a drunken quarrel, and buried near a certain brook in Boscawen.\*

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\* See the article "*Indian Bridge,*" p. 71.



## PEABODY'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

MANY are the places, scattered over the face of our beautiful country, whose wild and picturesque scenery is worthy of the painter's pencil, or the poet's pen. Some of them, which were once celebrated for their rich stories of "legendary lore," are now only sought to view their natural scenery, while the traditions which formerly gave them celebrity are buried in oblivion. Such is the scene of the following adventure,—a romantic glen, bounded on the north side by a high and rocky hill, which stretches itself some distance into the lake, terminating in a precipice some thirty feet in height, and known by the name of "PEABODY'S LEAP."

At the time of the adventure, Timothy Peabody was the only man that lived within fifty miles of the place. In an attack on one of the frontier settlements, his family had all been massacred by the merciless savage, and he had sworn that their death should be revenged. The better to accomplish this dread purpose, he had removed to this solitary place, and constructed the rude shelter in which he dwelt, till the blasts of winter drove him to the

home of his fellow-men again, to renew the contest when spring had awakened nature into life and beauty. He was a man who possessed much shrewd cunning, combined with a thorough knowledge of Indian habits, by which he had always been enabled to avoid the snares of his subtle enemies. Often, when they had come with a party to take him, he escaped their lures, and after destroying his hut, on their return homeward some of their boldest warriors were picked off by his unerring aim ; or, on arriving at their home, they learned that one of their swiftest hunters had fallen a victim to his deadly rifle. He had lived in this way for several years, and had so often baffled them that they had at last become weary of the pursuit, and for some time had left him unmolested.

About this time a party of Indians made a descent on one of the small settlements, and had taken three prisoners, whom they were carrying home to sacrifice for the same number of men that had been shot by Peabody. It was towards the close of the day when they passed his abode, most of the party in advance of the prisoners, who, with their hands tied, and escorted by five or six Indians, were almost wearied out by their long march, and but just able to crawl along. He had observed this advanced guard, and suspecting there were prisoners in the rear, let them pass unmolested, intending to try some "Yankee tricks" to effect their rescue. He accordingly followed on in the trail of the party, keeping among the thick trees which on either side

skirted the path. He had proceeded but a short distance before he heard the sharp report of a rifle, apparently very near him, which he knew must be one of the Indians, who had strolled from the main body to procure some game for their evening meal. From his acquaintance with their habits and language, he only needed a disguise to enable him to join the party if necessary, and, aided by the darkness, which was fast approaching, with but little danger of detection. The resolution was quickly put in operation to kill this Indian and procure his dress.

He had got but a few paces before he discovered his victim, who had but just finished loading his rifle. To stand forth and boldly confront him would give the savage an equal chance, and even if Peabody proved the best shot, the party of Indians, on hearing the report of two rifles at once, would be alarmed, and commence a pursuit. The chance was, therefore, two to one against him, and he was obliged to contrive a way to make the Indian fire first. Planting himself behind a large tree, he took off his fox skin cap, placed it on the end of his rifle, and began to move it. The Indian quickly discovered it, and was not at a loss to recollect the owner by the well-known cap. Knowing how often Peabody had eluded them, he resolved to despatch him at once; and without giving him notice of his dangerous proximity, he instantly raised his rifle, and its contents went whizzing through the air. The ball just touched the bark of the tree, and

pierced the cap, which rose suddenly, like the death spring of the beaver, and then fell amidst the bushes. The Indian, like a true sportsman, thinking himself sure of his victim, did not go to pick up his game till he had reloaded his piece ; and dropping it to the ground, he was calmly proceeding in the operation, when Peabody as calmly stepped from his hiding-place and exclaimed, "*Now, you tarnal critter, say your prayers as fast as ever you can !*"

This was short notice for the poor Indian. Before him, and scarcely ten paces distant, stood the tall form of Peabody, motionless as a statue, his rifle at his shoulder, his finger on the trigger, and his deadly aim firmly fixed upon him. He was about to run, but he had no time to turn round ere the swift-winged messenger had taken its flight ; the ball pierced his side—he sprang into the air and fell lifeless to the ground.

No time was to be lost. He immediately proceeded to strip the dead body and array himself in the accoutrements, consisting of a hunting shirt, a pair of moccasins or leggins, and the wampum, belt and knife. A little of the blood besmeared on his sunburnt countenance served for the red paint, and it would have taken a keen eye, in the gray twilight and thick gloom of the surrounding forest, to have detected the counterfeit Indian. Shouldering his rifle he again started in the pursuit, and followed them till they arrived in the glen, where their canoes were secreted. Here they stopped and began to prepare for their expected supper, previous to

their embarkation for the opposite shore. The canoes were launched, and their baggage deposited in them. A fire was blazing brightly, and the party were walking impatiently around, awaiting the return of the hunter. The body of Peabody was safely deposited behind a fallen tree, where he could see every motion and hear every word spoken in the circle. Here he had been about half an hour.

Night had drawn her sable curtains around the scene. The moon shone fitfully through the clouds which almost covered the horizon, only serving occasionally to render the "darkness visible." The Indians now began to evince manifest signs of impatience for the return of their comrade. They feared that a party of the whites had followed them and taken him prisoner, and at last resolved to go in search of him. The plan, which was fortunately heard by Peabody, was to put the captives into one of the canoes, under the care of five of their number, who were to secrete themselves in case of attack, massacre the prisoners, and then go to the assistance of their brethren.

As soon as the main body had started, Peabody cautiously crept from his hiding-place to the water, and sliding in feet foremost, moved along on his back, his face just above the surface, to the canoe which contained the rifles of the guard. The priming was quickly removed, and their powder horns emptied. He then went to the canoe in which the captives were placed, and gave them notice of the intended rescue, at the same time warning them

not to show themselves above the gunwale till they were in safety. He next with his Indian knife separated the thong which held the canoe to the shore, intending to swim off with it till he had got far enough to avoid observation, then get in and paddle for the nearest place where a landing could be effected. All this was the work of a moment, and he was slowly moving off from the shore, expecting an attack from this side ; but unfortunately his rifle had been left behind, and he resolved not to part with "Old Plumper," as he called it, without at least one effort to recover it. He immediately gave the captives notice of his intention, and directed them to paddle slowly and silently out, and in going past the headland to approach as near as possible, and there await his coming. The guard by this time had secreted themselves, and one of the number had chosen the same place which Peabody himself had previously occupied, near which he had left his old friend. He had almost got to the spot, when the Indian discovered the rifle, and grasping it, sprang upon his feet and gave the alarm to his companions. Quick as thought, Peabody was upon him, seized the rifle, and wrenched it from him with such violence as to throw him prostrate upon the ground. The rest of the Indians were alarmed, and sounding the war whoop, rushed upon him.

It was a standard maxim with Peabody, that "a good soldier never runs till he is obliged to ;" and he now found that he should be under the necessity of suiting his practice to his theory. There was

no time for deliberation ; he instantly knocked down the foremost with the butt of his rifle, and bounded away through the thicket like a startled deer. The three Indians made for the canoe in which the rifles were deposited, already made harmless by the precaution of Peabody. This gave him a good advantage, which was not altogether unnecessary, as he was much encumbered with his wet clothes ; and before he reached the goal he could hear them snapping the dry twigs behind him. The main body had likewise got the alarm, and were but a short distance from him when he reached the head land. Those who were nearest he did not fear, unless they came to close action, and he resolved to send one more to his long home, before he leaped from the precipice.

"It's a burning shame to wet so much powder," exclaimed he ; "I'll have one more pop at them tarnal redskins." Peabody's position was quickly arranged to put his threat into execution. His rifle was presented, his eye glanced along its barrel, and the first one that showed his head received its deadly contents. In an instant Peabody was in the water, making for the canoe. The whole party by this time had come up, and commenced a brisk fire upon the fugitives. Peabody stood erect in the canoe, shouting in the voice of a Stentor, "*You'd better take care ; ye'll spile the skiff. Old Plumper's safe, and you'll feel him yet, I tell ye !*"

They were quickly lost in darkness, and taking a

small circuit, effected a landing in safety. Many an Indian's life verified his last threat, and Peabody lived to a good old age, having often related to his friends and neighbors the adventure which gave to this place the name of "PEABODY'S LEAP."



## KILBURN'S DEFENCE.

WALPOLE, N. H.

1755.

THE first civilized inhabitant of the present town of Walpole, N. H., was John Kilburn, who settled there in 1749. The large and fertile meadows at the mouth of Cold River, in that township, slightly covered with tall butternut and ancient elm trees, presented an inviting prospect to new colonists, and an easy harvest to the hand of cultivation. Just above them, along the east bank of the Connecticut, was the defile, bounded by steep mountains, which formed the Indian highway to and from Charlestown, the next township. There, too, was the head of shad navigation, the great fishing ground of the savages from time immemorial. Next below this narrow pass by the river, and nearer the meadows, is the site of an ancient Indian village, since occupied by a tavern. Next on the south, and bounding the meadows northerly, was Cold River, a small branch of the main stream, overshadowed with tall maples and elms. The meadows themselves were about half a mile in extent; the Connecticut was on the western side, and a semicircle of woods on

the east, with a central round eminence forty feet high, from which issues at this day a medicinal spring. It was here the adventurous and hardy Kilburn built himself a log hut, and here he inhabited the solitude of the forest for two years, without any intercourse with friend or foe.

During this time his life was one continued scene of danger and hardship. He sought opportunities to cultivate the friendship of the Indians, who roamed and prowled in the woods around him ; but in this attempt he was wholly unsuccessful. They avoided him studiously in the daytime, and in the night he soon found that they approached his humble habitation only for the purpose of dealing him the deadly blow. He was finally obliged, in consequence of this state of things, to adopt the plan of "camping out" at different places in the woods each night, with nothing but the cold earth for his bed, a bear skin for his covering, and a cartridge box for his pillow. In this manner he continued to elude the scalping knife of his lurking enemies, though they not unfrequently visited and plundered his hut in his absence.

In 1751 Colonel Benjamin Bellows obtained the charter of Walpole, and began a small settlement on a spot occupied to this day by the buildings of a gentleman of the same name, above a mile south from the establishment of Kilburn. There was at this time a fort also in the neighboring township of Number Four, now called Charlestown. These additions to the power of the whites in this quarter

had an essential influence upon the respect and the fear felt for them by the Indians ; nor was it long before a company of them descended the river in their canoes, landed over the falls, and invited their old acquaintance, Kilburn, to trade with them. He accepted the invitation without scruple or hesitancy, visited their encampment, bought furs of them, made them presents of flints, flour, and fish hooks. From this time they continued to hunt, fish, and lodge occasionally in the neighborhood. The report of the guns with which the whites had furnished them long ere this, and the smoke of their low wigwams among the trees, became mingled with the familiar occurrences of daily life.

The affairs of the settlers continued to prosper until 1753, when this alarming event occurred to disturb their security. Two men, by the name of Twitchell and Flint, who had gone back to the hills, about a mile east of the settlement, to procure some ash timber for oars, were fired upon and killed by the Indians. One of them was scalped. The other they barbarously cut open, took out his heart, yet warm, cut it in pieces, laid it upon his breast, and thus left him to be found by his friends. This massacre was among the first appearances of a rupture of the negotiations for peace pending between England and France, and was the commencement of a new and long series of Indian ravages. It was, moreover, the first Christian blood that was spilt in Walpole, and the impression it produced on the minds of the settlers was proportionately deep and

lasting. The bodies of the murdered men were buried near where they were found, in a spot still indicated by a ridge of land, on the west side of the road, about two miles north of Walpole village. It is believed by the friends of Twitchell—at least by some of the number—that his guardian spirit continued, as long as his savage murderers lived, to hover over them by night and by day, and to warn them of the wiles of the Indians. Even a rock in Connecticut River, where he used to fish with never-failing success, was a long time held in religious veneration; and few, it is rumored, of all those who to this day go to angle from “Twitchell Rock,” return without taking from the stream a most generous fry.

In the spring of 1755, an Indian by the name of Philip, who had just learned English enough to be understood, visited Kilburn's log house, under the pretence of being on a hunting excursion and in want of provisions. He was treated with kindness, and furnished liberally with flints, meal, and various other articles which he asked for. Soon after his departure it was ascertained that the same Indian had visited all the settlements on the Connecticut River, with the same plausible story. The conclusion was with Kilburn and his fellow-settlers that Philip was a scout employed by the enemy. This suspicion was soon after confirmed by intelligence received at all the forts on the frontiers, through a friendly Indian, from Governor Shirley at Albany. He stated that four or five hundred of the savages

were collected in Canada, whose object was to butcher the whole white population on Connecticut River.

The settlers — and those of Walpole among the number — were startled by these tidings ; but they were not disheartened. They valued their hard-earned harvest and their solitary homes in the wilderness, humble as they were, too highly to leave them from the mere apprehensions of danger. They had been accustomed, too, to all the hardships of a rude life ; and long had they looked for the time to come, as it came now, when they must defend themselves, or die in the cause.

Kilburn and his comrades now fortified their habitations round about by a palisade of stakes, with such preparations of the same nature as their means allowed. On these alone they depended for safety, the next garrison (a fort of forty men) being a mile distant from the settlement of Colonel Bellows. Measures thus prudently being taken, nothing remained but to wait for the onset of the enemy. Nor had they to wait long. On the 17th of August, 1755, Kilburn and his son, in his eighteenth year, and a man by the name of Peak, with his son, were returning from work about noon, when one of them suddenly discovered the red legs of Indians among the alders that skirted the meadows, as thick, in his own language, "as grasshoppers." They instantly fled to the house, fastened the door, and began to make preparations for an obstinate defence. In this they were assisted as well as encouraged by

Kilburn's wife, and his daughter Hitty, whose particular charge, however, was to watch the movements of the enemy.

In fifteen minutes the latter were seen crawling upon the bank east of the house, and as they crossed the footpath one by one, one hundred and ninety-seven were counted. About the same number remained in ambush near the mouth of Cold River. The object of this party was to waylay Colonel Bellows and his men, whom they knew to be working at his mill about a mile east. Before a great while accordingly these people came along, each with a bag of meal on his back. Presently their dogs began to growl, and to betray other symptoms of having discovered or suspected an enemy. All this Bellows understood perfectly well ; nor was he at a loss in forming his opinion as to the state of the case. He had no doubt the Indians were close at hand in ambush, and he took his measures accordingly. He ordered all his men, about thirty, to throw down their meal, and advance to the rising ground just above them, carefully crawl up the bank, spring upon their feet, give one shout, and instantly drop down among the tall fern, which in that place covered the ground.

The manœuvre succeeded ; for as soon as the shout was heard, the Indians all rose in a semicircle round the path Bellows was to pursue. This gave the party a fine chance for a fair shot, and they improved it promptly by a general discharge, which so disconcerted the plans of the Indians that they

darted away into the bushes without firing a gun. Bellows found, however, that their party was too numerous for his, and he ordered his men to file off to the south, and make for the fort. Not long after these Indians came out on the eminence east of Kilburn's house. Here the "Old Devil" Philip, as he was now generally called, — being the same wily savage who had visited Kilburn's house the season previous, — came forward, securing himself behind a large tree, and called out loudly to those in the house to surrender. "*Old John, young John,*" he cried, "*I know you ; come out here ; we give good quarter.*" "*Quarter !*" shouted Kilburn from the house, with a tremendous voice, that thrilled through every Indian heart, "*quarter, you black rascals ! be-gone, or we will quarter you !*"

Thus disappointed in his application, Philip returned to the main body of his companions. After a few minutes' consultation, the Indian war whoop was raised, as if, in Kilburn's language, "*all the devils had been let loose.*" Kilburn was nothing daunted by this performance, however, and he even managed to get the first fire; before the smoke of his enemies' guns obstructed his aim. He was confident that this discharge brought down an Indian, who, from his extraordinary size, and other circumstances, appeared to be Philip. A moment after the companions of the fallen savage; now mustered in full force, rushed forward to the work of destruction ; and probably not fewer than four hundred bullets were lodged in Kilburn's house at the first fire. The roof especially

was made a perfect "riddle sieve." This leaden shower was kept up for some time, with an incessant blaze and clamor, while detachments of the enemy were amusing themselves with butchering the stray cattle, and destroying the hay and grain, in the surrounding meadow.

Kilburn and his men, meanwhile, were by no means idle. The powder was already poured out into hats, for the convenience of loading in a hurry, and every thing prepared for a spirited defence or a glorious death. They had several guns in the house, all of which were kept hot by incessant firing through the port-holes. As they had no ammunition to spare, each one took special aim, to have every bullet tell. The women assisted in loading the guns. When the stock of lead grew scanty, they had also the presence of mind to suspend blankets horizontally near the roof of the house, inside, to catch the enemy's balls. These they immediately run into new bullets, if necessary, which the men took upon themselves to have returned to the savages with interest.

They made several attempts to burst open the doors of the house; but the fire of the brave little garrison was too hot for them. Most of the time, therefore, they endeavored to keep behind stumps, logs, and trees, evidently showing by this management that they began to feel the force of the remark made to them by Kilburn, as we have seen, at the onset. An incessant firing, however, was kept up on their part until near sundown. Then they gradually retreated; and when the sun sank behind the



western hills, the sound of their guns and the cry of the war whoop died away in silence. How many of the enemy fell on this occasion never was ascertained. Of the little garrison, Peak only was wounded in the hip, by exposing himself too much before a port-hole ; and, for want of surgical aid, this proved fatal on the sixth day. The French and Indian war continued until 1763 ; but the village of Walpole was not afterwards molested in any instance by the enemy.

Kilburn was as upright and worthy as he was brave, and lived to see that town populous and flourishing, and his fourth generation upon the stage. A plain, unpolished stone points out the spot in the burying ground of the village where sleep his mortal remains, under this inscription : —

In memory of  
John Kilburn, who departed  
this life for a better, April 8th, 1789, in  
the 85th year of his age. He was  
the first settler of this town,  
in 1749.

His son, "young John," revisited this scene of his youthful exploits for the last time in 1814. He died in 1822, among his children at Shrewsbury, Vermont.

## INDIAN BRIDGE.

FROM THE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1753.

IN the fall of the year 1753, Sabatis and Plausawa, two Indians, were at the place where Deacon Sawyer now lives, in Canterbury. There Joshua Noyes and Thomas Thorla, from Newbury, who were looking after cattle which had been turned into the woods the spring before, met them. Plausawa had been several times at Newbury, and knew Noyes and Thorla, and they knew him. The Indians appeared not much pleased at seeing them, and began to put their baggage into their canoe, and to prepare to go away. Sabatis appeared sullen, and disposed to do mischief, but was kept from it by Plausawa. Noyes and Thorla proposed to buy their furs. At first they refused to sell, saying they would not trade with the English, but would go to Canada. Afterwards they offered to sell furs for rum. Those men had brought rum on purpose to trade with the Indians; but seeing their temper, especially that of Sabatis, they refused to let them have any, and concluded to go away and leave them. As they were departing, Plausawa in a friendly manner advised

them to go home, and to avoid meeting with the Indians, lest they should be hurt. When they had gone a little distance from the Indians, Sabatis called them, and said, "No more you English come here ; me heart bad — me kill you." Thorla replied, "No kill ; English and Indians now all brothers." They soon met Peter Bowen going towards the Indians, told him in what temper the Indians were, and advised him not to go to them, and by no means to let them have a drop of rum. He replied that he was not afraid of them ; that he was acquainted with Indians, and knew how to deal with them. The Indians had got into their canoe, and were going up the river. Bowen called them, and asked them to go to his house and stay that night, and told them he would give them some rum. It was then near night. They went with Bowen to his house, which was in Contoocook, at some distance below where they then were. He treated them freely with rum, which made them at first very well pleased ; but as they became more intoxicated, they began to be troublesome. Bowen, who had every quality of an Indian, had lived much with them, and knew perfectly well how they would conduct, fearing they might do mischief, took the precaution to make his wife engage their attention, while he drew the charges from their guns, which were left behind the door in the entry. After this was done, the night was spent in a drunken Indian frolic, for which Bowen had as good a relish as his guests. The next morning they asked Bowen to go with his horse and

carry their baggage to the place where their canoe was left the evening before. He went, and carried their packs on his horse. As they went, Sabatis proposed to run a race with the horse. Bowen, suspecting mischief was intended, declined the race, but finally consented to run. He, however, took care to let the Indian outrun the horse. Sabatis laughed heartily at Bowen, because the horse could run no faster. They then proceeded, apparently in good humor. After a while, Sabatis said to Bowen, "Bowen walk woods," meaning, "Go with me as a prisoner." Bowen said, "No walk woods; all one brothers." They went on together until they were near the canoe, when Sabatis proposed a second race, and that the horse should be unloaded of the baggage, and should start a little before him. Bowen refused to start so, but consented to start together. They ran, and as soon as the horse had got a little before the Indian, Bowen heard a gun snap. Looking round, he saw the smoke of powder, and the gun aimed at him; he turned and struck his tomahawk in the Indian's head. He went back to meet Plausawa, who, seeing the fate of Sabatis, took aim with his gun at Bowen; the gun flashed. Plausawa fell on his knees, and begged for his life. He pleaded his innocence and former friendship for the English; but all in vain. Bowen knew there would be no safety for him while the companion and friend of Sabatis was living. To secure himself, he buried the same tomahawk in the skull of Plausawa. This was done in the road on the bank of Merrimac

River, near the northerly line of Contoocook, now Boscawen. Bowen hid the dead bodies under a small bridge in Salisbury. The next spring the bodies were discovered and buried.\* That bridge has ever since, to this day, been called INDIAN BRIDGE.

\* It is due to history, as well as to the credit of a race already too much maligned, to state that the killing of Plausawa and Sabatis was considered a *murder*, both by the St. Francis tribe of Indians, to which they belonged, and by the authorities of New Hampshire, who seized upon Bowen and one other, and imprisoned them in the Portsmouth jail, whence, however, they were liberated by an armed mob, the people generally considering the killing of an Indian a meritorious act. Bowen was aware that the half-intoxicated Indians were in a state of irritation against the whites; nevertheless he invited them to his house, and gave them every opportunity to vent their feelings. He had them completely in his power, though they did not know it. It would seem also that gratitude as well as mercy should have led him to spare their lives. A reference to the "Captivity of Mrs. M'Coy" will show that Plausawa had before this saved the life of one of the settlers, when in a very critical situation.

## THE CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS OF MRS. JEMIMA HOWE,

TAKEN PRISONER BY THE INDIANS AT BRIDGMAN'S FORT, IN THE  
PRESENT TOWN OF VERNON, VT. COMMUNICATED TO DR. BEL-  
KNAP BY THE REV. BUNKER GAY.

1755.

As Messrs. Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout, and Benjamin Gaffield, who had been hoeing corn in the meadow, west of the river, were returning home a little before sunset, to a place called Bridgman's Fort, they were fired upon by twelve Indians, who had ambushed their path. Howe was on horseback, with two young lads, his children, behind him. A ball, which broke his thigh, brought him to the ground. His horse ran a few rods, and fell likewise, and both the lads were taken. The Indians, in their savage manner, coming up to Howe, pierced his body with a spear, tore off his scalp, stuck a hatchet in his head, and left him in this forlorn condition. He was found alive the morning after by a party of men from Fort Hinsdale; and being asked by one of the party whether he knew him, he answered, "Yes, I know you all." These were his last words, though he did not expire until after his

friends had arrived with him at Fort Hinsdale. Grout was so fortunate as to escape unhurt; but Gaffield, in attempting to wade through the river, at a certain place which was indeed fordable at that time, was unfortunately drowned. Flushed with the success they had met with here, the savages went directly to Bridgman's Fort. There was no man in it, and only three women and some children, viz., Mrs. Jemima Howe, Mrs. Submit Grout, and Mrs. Eunice Gaffield. Their husbands I need not mention again, and their feelings at this juncture I will not attempt to describe. They had heard the enemy's guns, but knew not what had happened to their friends. Extremely anxious for their safety, they stood longing to embrace them, until at length, concluding from the noise they heard without that some of them were come, they unbarred the gate in a hurry to receive them; when, lo! to their inexpressible disappointment and surprise, instead of their husbands, in rushed a number of hideous Indians, to whom they and their tender offspring became an easy prey, and from whom they had nothing to expect but either an immediate death or a long and doleful captivity. The latter of these, by the favor of Providence, turned out to be the lot of these unhappy women, and their still more unhappy, because more helpless, children. Mrs. Gaffield had but one, Mrs. Grout had three, and Mrs. Howe seven. The eldest of Mrs. Howe's was eleven years old, and the youngest but six months. The two eldest were daughters which she had by her

first husband, Mr. William Phipps, who was also slain by the Indians. It was from the mouth of this woman that I lately received the foregoing account. She also gave me, I doubt not, a true, though, to be sure, a very brief and imperfect history of her captivity, which I here insert for your perusal. It may perhaps afford you some amusement, and can do no harm, if, after it has undergone your critical inspection, you should not think it (or an abbreviation of it) worthy to be preserved among the records you are about to publish.

The Indians (she says) having plundered and put fire to the fort, we marched, as near as I could judge, a mile and a half into the woods, where we encamped that night. When the morning came, and we had advanced as much farther, six Indians were sent back to the place of our late abode, who collected a little more plunder, and destroyed some other effects that had been left behind ; but they did not return until the day was so far spent that it was judged best to continue where we were through the night. Early the next morning we set off for Canada, and continued our march eight days successively, until we had reached the place where the Indians had left their canoes, about fifteen miles from Crown Point. This was a long and tedious march ; but the captives, by divine assistance, were enabled to endure it with less trouble and difficulty than they had reason to expect. From such savage masters, in such indigent circumstances, we could not rationally hope for kinder treatment than we



received. Some of us, it is true, had a harder lot than others ; and, among the children, I thought my son Squire had the hardest of any. He was then only four years old ; and when we stopped to rest our weary limbs, and he sat down on his master's pack, the savage monster would often knock him off, and sometimes, too, with the handle of his hatchet. Several ugly marks, indented in his head by the cruel Indians at that tender age, are still plainly to be seen.

At length we arrived at Crown Point, and took up our quarters there for the space of near a week. In the mean time some of the Indians went to Montreal, and took several of the weary captives along with them, with a view of selling them to the French. They did not succeed, however, in finding a market for any of them. They gave my youngest daughter, Submit Phipps, to the governor, De Vaudreuil, had a drunken frolic, and returned again to Crown Point, with the rest of their prisoners. From hence we set off for St. John's, in four or five canoes, just as night was coming on, and were soon surrounded with darkness. A heavy storm hung over us. The sound of the rolling thunder was very terrible upon the waters, which, at every flash of expansive lightning, seemed to be all in a blaze. Yet to this we were indebted for all the light we enjoyed. No object could we discern any longer than the flashes lasted. In this posture we sailed in our open, tottering canoes almost the whole of that dreary night. The morning, indeed, had not yet begun to dawn,

when we all went ashore ; and, having collected a heap of sand and gravel for a pillow, I laid myself down, with my tender infant by my side, not knowing where any of my other children were, or what a miserable condition they might be in. The next day, however, under the wing of that ever-present and all-powerful Providence which had preserved us through the darkness and imminent dangers of the preceding night, we all arrived in safety at St. John's.

Our next movement was to St. Francis, the metropolis, if I may so call it, to which the Indians who led us captive belonged. Soon after our arrival at their wretched capital, a council, consisting of the chief sachem and some principal warriors of the St. Francis tribe, was convened ; and after the ceremonies usual on such occasions were over, I was conducted and delivered to an old squaw, whom the Indians told me I must call my mother — my infant still continuing to be the property of its original Indian owners. I was nevertheless permitted to keep it with me a while longer, for the sake of saving them the trouble of looking after it, and of maintaining it with my milk. When the weather began to grow cold, shuddering at the prospect of approaching winter, I acquainted my new mother that I did not think it would be possible for me to endure it if I must spend it with her, and fare as the Indians did. Listening to my repeated and earnest solicitations that I might be disposed of among some of the French inhabitants of Canada, she at

length set off with me and my infant, attended by some male Indians, upon a journey to Montreal, in hopes of finding a market for me there. But the attempt proved unsuccessful, and the journey tedious indeed. Our provisions were so scanty, as well as insipid and unsavory, the weather was so cold, and the travelling so very bad, that it often seemed as if I must have perished on the way. The lips of my poor child were sometimes so benumbed that when I put it to my breast, it could not, till it grew warm, imbibe the nourishment requisite for its support. While we were at Montreal, we went into the house of a certain French gentleman, whose lady, being sent for, and coming into the room where I was, to examine me, seeing I had an infant, exclaimed suddenly in this manner : "*Damn it, I will not buy a woman that has a child to look after.*" There was a swill pail standing near me, in which I observed some crusts and crumbs of bread swimming on the surface of the greasy liquor it contained. Sorely pinched with hunger, I skimmed them off with my hands, and ate them ; and this was all the refreshment which the house afforded me. Somewhere, in the course of this visit to Montreal, my Indian mother was so unfortunate as to catch the small pox, of which distemper she died, soon after our return, which was by water, to St. Francis.

And now came on the season when the Indians began to prepare for a winter's hunt. I was ordered to return my poor child to those of them who still claimed it as their property. This was a severe

trial. The babe clung to my bosom with all its might ; but I was obliged to pluck it thence, and deliver it, shrieking and screaming, enough to penetrate a heart of stone, into the hands of those unfeeling wretches, whose tender mercies may be termed cruel. It was soon carried off by a hunting party of those Indians to a place called Messiskow, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, whither, in about a month after, it was my fortune to follow them. I had preserved my milk, in hopes of seeing my beloved child again ; and here I found it, it is true, but in a condition that afforded me no great satisfaction, it being greatly emaciated and almost starved. I took it in my arms, put its face to mine, and it instantly bit me with such violence that it seemed as if I must have parted with a piece of my cheek. I was permitted to lodge with it that and the two following nights ; but every morning that intervened, the Indians, I suppose on purpose to torment me, sent me away to another wigwam, which stood at a little distance, though not so far from the one in which my distressed infant was confined but that I could plainly hear its incessant cries and heart-rending lamentations. In this deplorable condition I was obliged to take my leave of it, on the morning of the third day after my arrival at the place. We moved down the lake several miles the same day ; and the night following was remarkable on account of the *great earthquake*,\* which terribly

\* November 18, 1755.

shook that howling wilderness. Among the islands hereabout we spent the winter season, often shifting our quarters, and roving about from one place to another, our family consisting of three persons only, besides myself, viz. : my late mother's daughter, whom, therefore, I called my sister, her sanhop,\* and a pappoose. They once left me alone two dismal nights ; and when they returned to me again, perceiving them smile at each other, I asked, "What is the matter?" They replied that two of my children were no more ; one of which, they said, died a natural death, and the other was knocked on the head. I did not utter many words, but my heart was sorely pained within me, and my mind exceedingly troubled with strange and awful ideas. I often imagined, for instance, that I plainly saw the naked carcasses of my deceased children hanging upon the limbs of the trees, as the Indians are wont to hang the raw hides of those beasts which they take in hunting.

It was not long, however, before it was so ordered by kind Providence that I should be relieved in a good measure from those horrid imaginations ; for, as I was walking one day upon the ice, observing a smoke at some distance upon the land, it must proceed, thought I, from the fire of some Indian hut ; and who knows but some one of my poor children may be there ? My curiosity, thus excited, led me to the place, and there I found my son Caleb, a little boy between two and three years old, whom I

\* Warrior husband.

had lately buried, in sentiment at least, or, rather, imagined to have been deprived of life, and perhaps also denied a decent grave. I found him likewise in tolerable health and circumstances, under the protection of a fond Indian mother ; and, moreover, had the happiness of lodging with him in my arms one joyful night. Again we shifted our quarters, and when we had travelled eight or ten miles upon the snow and ice, came to a place where the Indians manufactured sugar, which they extracted from the maple trees. Here an Indian came to visit us, whom I knew, and could speak English. He asked me why I did not go to see my son Squire. I replied that I had lately been informed that he was dead. He assured me that he was yet alive, and but two or three miles off, on the opposite side of the lake. At my request he gave me the best directions he could to the place of his abode. I resolved to embrace the first opportunity that offered of endeavoring to search it out. While I was busy in contemplating this affair, the Indians obtained a little bread, of which they gave me a small share. I did not taste a morsel of it myself, but saved it all for my poor child, if I should be so lucky as to find him. At length, having obtained from my keepers leave to be absent for one day, I set off early in the morning, and steering as well as I could, according to the directions which the friendly Indian had given me, I quickly found the place which he had so accurately marked out. I beheld, as I drew nigh, my little son without the

camp ; but he looked, thought I, like a starved and mangy puppy, that had been wallowing in the ashes. I took him in my arms, and he spoke to me these words, in the Indian tongue : "*Mother, are you come ?*" I took him into the wigwam with me, and observing a number of Indian children in it, I distributed all the bread which I had reserved for my own child among them all, otherwise I should have given great offence. My little boy appeared to be very fond of his new mother, kept as near me as possible while I staid, and when I told him I must go, he fell as though he had been knocked down with a club. But, having recommended him to the care of Him that made him, when the day was far spent, and the time would permit me to stay no longer, I departed, you may well suppose with a heavy load at my heart. The tidings I had received of the death of my youngest child had, a little before, been confirmed to me beyond a doubt ; but I could not mourn so heartily for the deceased as for the living child.

When the winter broke up, we removed to St. John's ; and through the ensuing summer our principal residence was at no great distance from the fort at that place. In the mean time, however, my sister's husband, having been out with a scouting party to some of the English settlements, had a drunken frolic at the fort when he returned. His wife, who never got drunk, but had often experienced the ill effects of her husband's intemperance, *fearing* what the consequence might prove if he

should come home in a morose and turbulent humor, to avoid his insolence, proposed that we should both retire, and keep out of the reach of it until the storm abated. We absconded, accordingly ; but it so happened that I returned and ventured into his presence before his wife had presumed to come nigh him. I found him in his wigwam, and in a surly mood ; and not being able to revenge upon his wife, because she was not at home, he laid hold of me, and hurried me to the fort, and, for a trifling consideration, sold me to a French gentleman whose name was Saccabee. " 'Tis an ill wind certainly that blows nobody any good." I had been with the Indians a year lacking fourteen days ; and if not for my sister, yet for me 'twas a lucky circumstance indeed which thus at last, in an unexpected moment, snatched me out of their cruel hands, and placed me beyond the reach of their insolent power.

After my Indian master had disposed of me in the manner related above, and the moment of sober reflection had arrived, perceiving that the man who bought me had taken the advantage of him in an unguarded hour, his resentment began to kindle, and his indignation rose so high that he threatened to kill me if he should meet me alone, or, if he could not revenge himself thus, that he would set fire to the fort. I was therefore secreted in an upper chamber, and the fort carefully guarded, until his wrath had time to cool. My service in the family to which I was now advanced was perfect freedom in comparison of what it had been among the



barbarous Indians. My new master and mistress were both as kind and generous towards me as I could any ways expect. I seldom asked a favor of either of them but it was readily granted ; in consequence of which I had it in my power in many instances to administer aid and refreshment to the poor prisoners of my own nation who were brought into St. John's during my abode in the family of the above-mentioned benevolent and hospitable Saccapee. Yet even in this family such trials awaited me as I had little reason to expect ; but I stood in need of a large stock of prudence to enable me to encounter them. Must I tell you, then, that even the good old man himself, who considered me as his property, and likewise a warm and resolute son of his, at that same time, and under the same roof, became both excessively fond of my company ? so that between these two rivals — the father and the son — I found myself in a very critical situation indeed, and was greatly embarrassed and perplexed, hardly knowing many times how to behave in such a manner as at once to secure my own virtue and the good esteem of the family in which I resided, and upon which I was wholly dependent for my daily support. At length, however, through the tender compassion of a certain English gentleman,\* the governor, De Vaudreuil, being made acquainted with the condition I had fallen into, immediately ordered the young and amorous Saccapee, then an officer in the French army, from the field of Venus

\* Colonel Peter Schuyler, then a prisoner.

to the field of Mars, and at the same time also wrote a letter to his father, enjoining it upon him by no means to suffer me to be abused, but to make my situation and service in his family as easy and delightful as possible. I was, moreover, under unspeakable obligations to the governor upon another account. I had received intelligence from my daughter Mary, the purport of which was, that there was a prospect of her being shortly married to a young Indian of the tribe of St. Francis, with which tribe she had continued from the beginning of her captivity. These were heavy tidings, and added greatly to the poignancy of my other afflictions. However, not long after I had heard this melancholy news, an opportunity presented of acquainting that humane and generous gentleman, the commander-in-chief, and my illustrious benefactor, with this affair also, who, in compassion for my sufferings, and to mitigate my sorrows, issued his orders in good time, and had my daughter taken away from the Indians, and conveyed to the same nunnery where her sister was then lodged, with his express injunction that they should both of them together be well looked after and carefully educated, as his adopted children. In this school of superstition and bigotry they continued while the war in those days between France and Great Britain lasted ; at the conclusion of which war the governor went home to France, took my oldest daughter along with him, and married her to a French gentleman, whose name is Cron Louis. He was at Boston with the fleet under

Count d'Estaing, (1778,) as one of his clerks. My other daughter still continuing in the nunnery, a considerable time had elapsed after my return from captivity, when I made a journey to Canada, resolving to use my best endeavors not to return without her. I arrived just in time to prevent her being sent to France. She was to have gone in the next vessel that sailed for that place; and I found it extremely difficult to prevail with her to quit the nunnery and go home with me; yea, she absolutely refused; and all the persuasions and arguments I could use with her were to no effect until after I had been to the governor and obtained a letter from him to the superintendent of the nuns, in which he threatened, if my daughter should not be immediately delivered into my hands, or could not be prevailed with to submit to my maternal authority, that he would send a band of soldiers to assist me in bringing her away. Upon hearing this, she made no further resistance; but so extremely bigoted was she to the customs and religion of the place, that, after all, she left it with the greatest reluctance and the most bitter lamentations, which she continued as we passed the streets, and wholly refused to be comforted. My good friend, Major Small, whom we met with on the way, tried all he could to console her, and was so very kind and obliging as to bear us company, and carry my daughter behind him on horseback.

But I have run on a little before my story, for I have not yet informed you of the means and man-

ner of my own redemption, to the accomplishing of which, the recovery of my daughter, just mentioned, and the ransoming of some of my other children, several gentlemen of note contributed not a little ; to whose goodness, therefore, I am greatly indebted, and sincerely hope I shall never be so ungrateful as to forget. Colonel Schuyler, in particular, was so very kind and generous as to advance two thousand seven hundred livres to procure a ransom for myself and three of my children. He accompanied and conducted us from Montreal to Albany, and entertained us in the most friendly and hospitable manner a considerable time at his own house, and I believe entirely at his own expense.

I have spun out the above narrative to a much greater length than I at first intended, and shall conclude it with referring you for a more ample and *brilliant* account of the captive heroine who is the subject of it to Colonel Humphrey's History of the Life of General Israel Putnam, together with some remarks upon a few clauses in it. I never indeed had the pleasure of perusing the whole of said history, but remember to have seen, some time ago, an extract from it in one of the Boston newspapers, in which the colonel has extolled the beauty, and good sense, and rare accomplishments of Mrs. Howe, the person whom he endeavors to paint in the most lively and engaging colors, perhaps a little too highly, and in a style that may appear to those who are acquainted with her to this day romantic and

extravagant; and the colonel must needs have been misinformed with respect to some particulars that he has mentioned in her history. Indeed, when I read the extract from his history to Mrs. Tute, (which name she has derived from a third husband, whose widow she now remains,) she seemed to be well pleased, and said at first it was all true, but soon after contradicted the circumstance of her lover's being so bereft of his senses, when he saw her moving off in a boat at some distance from the shore, as to plunge into the water after her, in consequence of which he was seen no more. It is true, she said, that as she was returning from Montreal to Albany, she met with young Saccapée on the way; that she was in a boat with Colonel Schuyler; that the French officer came on board the boat, made her some handsome presents, took his final leave of her, and departed, to outward appearance in tolerable good humor.

She moreover says that when she went to Canada for her daughter, she met with him again; that he showed her a lock of her hair, and her name, likewise, printed with vermilion on his arm. As to her being chosen agent to go to Europe, in behalf of the people of Hinsdale, when Colonel Howard obtained from the government of New York a patent of their lands on the west side of Connecticut River, it was never once thought of by Hinsdale people until the above-mentioned extract arrived among them, in which the author has inserted it as a matter of undoubted fact.

## HILTON, OF FAMOUS MEMORY.

ORIGINAL, C. C.

AMONG the marvellous instances of courageous venture and good fortune which are presented to us in the history of the old days of Indian warfare, nothing is more remarkable than the following, which, while it is unquestionably true in substance, has never, so far as the relater knows, been put in print. It has lain now fifty years in the memory of the relater, who received it from men who had themselves burned gunpowder in Indian wars, and who were familiar with the stories, hardships, and sufferings of their own sires and grandsires. While so many things have been recorded of that great friend, fighter, killer, and circumventor of Indians, it seems strange that the affair about to be related has hitherto escaped the attention of collectors.

This Hilton had been for many years a particular favorite among the red skins, having on various occasions done them good turns in their quarrels with one another. He had also, much to their advantage, at sundry times, stood their true friend in the traffic carried on by them with the pale faces.

But circumstances changed, and Indians and settlers changed with them. In a time of war it was found by the former that all their plans were anticipated and frustrated, and all their stratagems baffled by the bravery, sagacity, and untiring activity of their old friend Hilton. They therefore determined, though sorrowfully, on capturing and killing him at all hazards. The aged chief, who held in grateful memory former days of intimacy, kindness, and friendship, with a lip tremulous in spite of determination, and with an eye moistened in sorrow, though fixed and steady as death, said aloud, in tones which never yet had failed of bringing to his cabin the scalps of the slain, "It must be done! Hilton, no longer the red man's friend—Hilton must die! Warriors, ten of you, brave and sagacious men, keen of sight and fleet of foot, go to the settlement, nor let me look on your faces again till you show me Hilton, living or dead! Go, warriors, go!"

This time, sure enough, the Indians got the start of Hilton. Passing the outposts unobserved, and eluding the vigilance of his videttes, they found him, as they came in sight of the settlement, busily and unconcernedly engaged in hoeing corn in a field not far from the fort, while his trusty gun was seen leaning against a tree at some distance.

Their plan was laid at once, which was, to pass around through the woods to a point nearest the gun, secure that, and then rush upon him and take him alive. In this they were successful; being

wholly unobserved by the lookouts of the garrison as well as by him, whom alone they wanted to see, until the instant of their laying hands on his weapon, when, rising to his full, great height over a corn hill, to which he had been stooping for the purpose of removing weeds, he beheld them advancing upon him. It was a critical moment.

But Hilton had seen hard spots before, and had survived ; and it was his determination to do so in this case. Advancing towards them with a quick step and easy affability of manner, his hand being extended in familiar greeting, " Oho ! my old friends," said he, " is it you ? I am glad to see you — indeed I am — and now what can I do for you ? Will you sit here while I go to the house and bring you out something good to eat and drink ? " " No, no ! Hilton go with Indians — quick, quick ! " said the tawny savages. " With all my heart," quoth he. " Lead on, my good fellows. This is not the first time you and I have tramped the woods together. I see how it is — you want me to go and see my old friend, your great chief. It is well ; I shall rejoice to see him once again."

Thus glibly and unconcernedly he talked as they hurried along the forest path.

At length, about six miles from the fort, or garrison, they came to a deserted log cabin, where, knowing that they had done their work so adroitly as to occasion no alarm in the settlement, they concluded to stop a while, take some food, and prepare themselves for a long march in the forest.



Completely deceived and put off their guard by the easy affability and complacent good humor of their captive, they carelessly entered the cabin, placed their guns in a corner at one end, and began to busy themselves, some in preparations for cooking, and others in mending their moccasins, while others still stretched themselves on a pile of straw in a distant corner, and went to sleep. Having securely fastened the door, and observed that the only other place of possible egress was an open window at the end near their own party, they gave themselves no trouble about Hilton, who walked about sociably among them, chatted pleasantly, and inquired about their success in hunting, how many children they had, and what changes had taken place since he was last among them. In the same easy way he begged they would allow him to gratify his curiosity with a look at their guns, which were now all standing together in a corner. To this they assented without hesitation. "Fine shooters, these, my good fellows," said he, as he took up and examined one after another. "Glad to see you so well provided with these *kill-deers* ; and powder and balls, too ; are they plenty with you ? and flints, good ! good !" And so he ran on.

But the savages, poor doomed wretches, did not observe that when he set each gun down again in its place, he took care to leave it cocked ; for he had seen that all were loaded and primed.

At length, all being ready — the position of each man well marked by an eye which never faltered in

moments of danger—his fearless spirit nerved to unusual daring, and to the issue of risks in which a life was to be won by ten deaths—with the stern purpose of a man whose soul was filled with the certainty of one thing, namely, that either he or ten Indians must bite the dust—cool in purpose, but quicker than lightning in action, he began. Bang! bang! bang! Down came a tall fellow—up sprang another from the straw, only to come down again with his death wound; here reeled one to the wall, but gasped and fell; there sprawled another, who had nearly clutched our hero; another tumbled into the fire, on the coals of which he was broiling a piece of meat; upon the head of another, who was coming on too quick for him, he dealt a levelling blow with a gun, which had just sent lead through the heart of a brawny foe. And so with unshrinking purpose, a true eye, and a hand quicker than the lightning's flash, he either killed or disabled all but one. That one plunged through the open window, and was soon lost in the thick shadows of the forest. He, after wandering many days, as was afterwards ascertained, and being near perishing by hunger, regained his tribe—the sole messenger of that terrible destruction which had come down upon his party on the very day of success.

As for Hilton, he did not want for trophies of his prowess. The reader needs not be told what he did with the wounded, and may himself judge whether the little garrison would be willing to furnish hospital comforts to murderous savages. The weapons

of death he gathered up, took them on his shoulder, and without losing a hair of his head, marched in triumph to meet his friends, who by this time had discovered that he was missing from the field.

The reader will please to allow his imagination large scope, when he thinks of the rejoicings of young and old when Hilton told the story of his afternoon's work.

## INDIAN FUN.

ONE of the earliest settlers around Lake Champlain was COLONEL EDWARD RAYMUN. He understood the character and disposition of the natives of the forest, and lived with them in much harmony, frequently employing them to row him up and down the lake, as he had occasion. One stout fellow, by the name of BIG BEAR, had his wigwam at no great distance from the colonel's dwelling, and was often there. The colonel, having occasion to visit some distant shore of the lake, employed Big Bear to row him in his canoe. On their return, they passed near a high yet sloping ledge of rocks, on which lay an immense number of rattlesnakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian gave a penetrating look at the colonel, and thus inquired: "Raymun love fun?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, then, Raymun have fun; mind Indian, and hold a glum." So he rowed along, silent and slow, and cut a crotch stick from a bunch of hazels upon the bank. "Steady, now, hold a glum, Raymun," said he, as he clapped the crotch astride the neck of a serpent that was asleep close to the edge of the water. "Take um now, Raymun; hold fass." The colonel then took hold of the stick keeping the serpent

down, while Big Bear tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slow match therein. He then made it fast to the snake's tail, and, touching fire to the match, gave orders to "let um go," at the same time pushing off from the shore; the snake, being liberated, crawled away to his den. The Indian then immediately stood up, clapped his hands, making as loud a noise as possible, and thus roused the serpents, who all in a moment disappeared. "Now look, Raymun, now look; see fun," said he; and in about a minute the powder exploded, when there was, to be sure, fun alive. The snakes, in thousands, covered the rocks, all hissing, rattling, twining, twirling, and jumping every way imaginable. Colonel Raymun burst into a loud laugh, that echoed across the lake, pleased alike at the success of the trick and the ingenuity of the savage's invention. But Big Bear, from the beginning to the end, was as grave as a judge, not moving a muscle, and not having the least show of risibility in his countenance. This is truly characteristic of the American aborigines; what causes the excitability of laughter in others has no effect upon them; they may love fun, but never, in the smallest degree, exhibit that character in their looks.

## THE HEADLESS SPECTRE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE MANUSCRIPT AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF IRA ALLEN, OF VERMONT, NOW IN THE HANDS OF HENRY STEPHENS, ESQ., OF BARNET, VT. IRA ALLEN WAS A BROTHER OF THE CELEBRATED COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN.

1770.

MR. and Mrs. McIntire were from Scotland, and had two daughters about twenty-four years of age. The old lady and her daughters used to amuse me by telling many frightful stories respecting ghosts, apparitions, &c., appearing to people in Scotland, amongst which were many stories respecting an old woman appearing without a head. One evening I challenged the old woman without a head, and all the ghosts, to meet me at any time and place they chose. This exceedingly alarmed my honest landlady and daughters, and they all seemed exceeding anxious for my safety, for being so presumptuous as to make such a challenge, and not doubting but that I should meet with difficulty the first time I should be belated in the woods. The next day I found a part of my hogs had strayed away and become wild ; with all the art I had, I could not get them so gentle that I could approach them till near dark, at

which time I was at least three miles in the wilderness. There was then a snow on the ground about four inches deep. I made the best of my way to gain a footpath from Mr. McIntire's to a beaver meadow. In the way I passed a thicket of hemlock, under which it was dark. I cut a staff about three feet long, to defend my eyes from limbs that might come in my face. In this way I found the footpath. In this several loads of hay had been carried from the meadow to the house, which had mixed the leaves and snow, so that I could discover the footpath for twenty rods before me. Then, for the first time that night, I thought of the old woman without any head; at which I had a hearty laugh, thinking whether I should turn out if she met me in that narrow path. I thought no more of the matter till I had walked about one mile, when, to my no small surprise, at about eight rods' distance, I discovered in the path the perfect appearance of a woman without a head; her shoulders, waist, arms akimbo, her hands on her hips, woman's clothes, and feet below were in perfect shape before me; all which I viewed with astonishment.

I reasoned to myself—Is this appearance fictitious or real? If the God of nature authorizes apparitions, then there is no flying from them. What injury can they possibly do me? I have promised faithfully not to flinch at any such appearance; I will see it out. On this determination I kicked the snow away, that I might know where I made the discovery, and advanced with my cane in hand for

a blow as soon as I arrived near enough. With trembling approaches I came within about thirty yards, before I discovered the cause of such an appearance. The facts were, that a tree had been broken by the wind, leaving a stump, which the woodcocks had pecked the bark from in that shape so long that the wood had become whitish. The bark of the other part had fallen off. The darkness of the night prevented me from seeing the darker color, while the bright snow shone from the other part of the stump, forming the size and figure of a headless woman. To satisfy myself, I went back to where I had kicked away the snow, and the old woman again appeared in perfect shape. I occasionally passed that place afterwards, but not at a time when such an opportunity could be discovered. Had I been frightened, and run away, I might, like others, have believed in spectral appearances.



## ATTACK UPON NUMBER FOUR.

(CHARLESTOWN, N. H.)

1747.

IN the latter end of March, Captain Phineas Stevens, who commanded a ranging company of thirty men, came to Number Four, the place now called Charlestown. It had been garrisoned by the small force of six men ; but even these had deserted it in the previous winter, and for two months it was entirely destitute of occupants. Captain Stevens, finding the fort entire, determined to keep possession of it. He had not been there many days when he was attacked by a very large party of French and Indians, commanded by M. Debelinè. The dogs, by their barking, discovered that the enemy were near, which caused the gate to be kept shut beyond the usual time. One man went out to make discovery, and was fired on, but returned with a slight wound only. The enemy, finding that they were discovered, arose from their concealment, and fired at the fort on all sides. The wind being high, they set fire to the fences and log houses, till the fort was surrounded by flames. Captain Stevens took the most prudent measures for his security,

keeping every vessel full of water, and digging trenches under the walls in several places, so that a man might creep through and extinguish any fire which might catch on the outside of the walls. The fire of the fences did not reach the fort, nor did the flaming arrows which they incessantly shot against it take effect. Having continued this mode of attack for two days, accompanied with hideous shouts and yells, they prepared a wheel carriage, loaded with dry fagots, to be pushed before them, that they might set fire to the fort. Before they proceeded to this operation, they demanded a cessation of arms till the sun rising, which was granted. In the morning, Debelinè came up with fifty men and a flag of truce, which he stuck in the ground. He demanded a parley, which was agreed to. A French officer, with a soldier and an Indian, then advanced, and proposed that the garrison should bind up a quantity of provisions with their blankets, and, having laid down their arms, should be conducted prisoners to Montreal. Another proposal was, that the two commanders should meet, and that an answer should then be given. Stevens met the French commander, who, without waiting for an answer, began to enforce his proposal by threatening to storm the fort and put every man to death, if they should refuse his terms and kill one of his men. Stevens answered that he could hearken to no terms till the last extremity; that he was intrusted with the defence of the fort, and was deter-

mined to maintain it till he should be convinced that the Frenchman could perform what he had threatened. He added that it was poor encouragement to surrender, if they were all to be put to the sword for killing one man, when it was probable they had already killed more. The Frenchman replied, "Go and see if your men dare to fight any longer, and give me a quick answer." Stevens returned and asked his men whether they would fight or surrender. They unanimously determined to fight. This was immediately made known to the enemy, who renewed their shouting and firing all that day and night. On the morning of the third day they requested another cessation for two hours. Two Indians came with a flag, and proposed that if Stevens would sell them provisions, they would withdraw. He answered that to sell them provisions for money was contrary to the law of nations; but that he would pay them five bushels of corn for every captive for whom they would give a hostage, till the captive could be brought from Canada. After this answer a few guns were fired, and the enemy were seen no more.

In this furious attack from a starving enemy, no lives were lost in the fort, and two men only were wounded. No men could have behaved with more intrepidity in the midst of such threatening danger. An express was immediately despatched to Boston, and the news was there received with great joy. Commodore Sir Charles Knowles was so highly

pleased with the conduct of Captain Stevens that he presented him with a valuable and elegant sword, as a reward for his bravery. From this circumstance the township, when it was incorporated, took the name of Charlestown.

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## THE INDIANS AT WAR: THEIR USAGES AND CUSTOMS.

FROM THE "NATURAL AND CIVIL HISTORY OF VERMONT," BY  
SAMUEL WILLIAMS, LL. D.

THE civil regulations of the savages were all designed to qualify and prepare them for war. Among the causes that led to this, an opposition of interests was the most common and powerful. No people ever had more clear or more just ideas of their own rights and property than the Indians. They not only understood their own personal rights, but they were perfectly well acquainted with the rights and property that were vested in the tribe. Each tribe claimed the soil in their own domains. This right was viewed as complete, perfect, and exclusive—such as entitled them to the full and entire possession, and to oppose by force and violence all encroachments upon the soil or game in any part of their territories. The bounds of these territories were extensive and ill defined. Real or supposed encroachments and injuries were constantly taking place. Hence arose innumerable subjects of dispute and controversy, which easily inflamed the fierceness of the savage temper, and brought on mutual injuries, reproaches, hostilities, and war. In

this state most of the Indian tribes were found. Interest had become a source of discord among the neighboring tribes. From this cause arose most of their inveterate and perpetual wars.

The manner in which the Indians carry on their wars is very different from that of civilized nations. To defend themselves against an enemy they have no other fortification but an irregular kind of fortress, which they call a castle or fort. It consisted of a square, without bastions, surrounded with palisades. This was erected where the most considerable number of the tribe resided, and was designed as an asylum for their old men, their women and children, while the rest of the tribe were gone out to war. The weapons of the Indian were a club made of hard wood, a bow and arrow. Thus armed, the Indian takes with him a small bag of corn, and is completely equipped for a campaign. When he takes the field, it is with such a number of warriors as the tribe can supply. During their march they are dispersed in straggling companies, that they may better supply themselves by hunting. When they approach near to the enemies' frontiers, their troops are more collected ; all is then caution, stratagem, secrecy, and ambuscade. Their employment as hunters has taught them great address and vigilance in following and surprising the game. Their mode of war is the same as that of hunting. With great ingenuity they will find and follow the track of their enemies ; with a surprising patience and perseverance they will wait for the moment when they

find him the least able to defend himself ; and when they can find an enemy unprepared, they make their attack with great fury and with pretty sure success. In their battles they always endeavor to secure themselves behind the trees or rocks, and never meet their enemy in the open field, or upon equal terms, if they can avoid it. The method of the Europeans, of deciding a battle in the open field, they regard as extreme folly and want of prudence. Their established maxims are, to obtain a superiority in situation, numbers, concealment, or some other circumstance, before the battle ; in this way to preserve the lives of their own party, and destroy their enemies, with as little loss as possible to themselves. A victory obtained with the loss of many of their own party is a matter of grief and disgrace, rather than of exultation ; and it is no honor to fall in the field of battle, but viewed rather as an evidence of a want of wisdom, discernment, and circumspection. When the attack is to be made, nothing can exceed the courage and impetuosity of the savage. The onset begins with a general outcry, terminating in a universal yell. Of all the sounds that discord has produced, the Indian war whoop is the most awful and horrid. It is designed and adapted to increase the ardor of those who make the attack, and to carry terror and horror into the feelings of those on whom the attack is made. The Indians immediately come forward, and begin the scene of outrage and death. All is then a scene of fury, impetuosity, and vengeance. So great is the rage of the savage,

that he has no regard to discipline, subordination, and order. Revenge takes an entire possession of his soul ; forgetful of all order, regardless of discipline and danger, he aims only to butcher and destroy. If the Indians remain masters of the field, they always strip and scalp the dead. Leaving the bodies of their enemies naked, unburied, and often mangled, they carry off the plunder and scalps, and make a very swift and sudden retreat. Upon their approach to their own tribe, a herald is sent forward to announce the event ; the tribe is collected, and the conquerors make their entry with their ensigns of triumph ; the scalps, stretched upon a bow, and elevated upon a pole, are carried before them, as the tokens of their valor and success, and monuments of the vengeance they have inflicted upon the enemies of their country.

The prisoners which they have taken make an important part of their triumph. The savages are anxious to take as many of these as possible. During their march, they are generally treated with a degree of humanity and kindness ; but the greatest care is taken to prevent their escape. When they arrive at the place of their destination, the old men, women, and children of the Indian tribe form themselves into two lines, through which the prisoners must run the gantlet to the village. If the prisoner is young, active, and a good runner, he makes his way through the lines without receiving much injury. If he is weak, old, and infirm, he receives much damage by the blows, stripes, and bruises laid upon him.



When this scene is finished, the prisoners are conducted to the village, treated with apparent good humor, and fed as well as the Indians' fare admits.

To the village thus assembled the head warrior of the party relates every particular of the expedition. When he mentions their losses, a bitter grief and sorrow appears in the whole assembly. When he pronounces the names of the dead, their wives, relations, and friends put forth the most bitter shrieks and cries. But no one asks any question, or interrupts the speaker with any inquiry. The last ceremony is to proclaim the victory. Every individual forgets his own loss and misfortune, and joins in the triumph of his nation. Their tears cease, and with one of the most unaccountable transitions in human nature, they pass at once from the bitterness of sorrow to all the extravagance of joy. The whole concludes with a savage feast, songs, and dance.

The fate of the prisoners is next to be decided. The elders and chiefs assemble and deliberate concerning their destiny. The women and children are disposed of according to the pleasure of their captors ; but they are seldom or never put to torture or death. Of the men, some are appointed to supply the places of such Indians as have fallen in battle. These are delivered to their friends and relations, and if they are received by them, they have no sufferings to fear ; they are adopted into the family, and succeed to all the privileges of the deceased, and are esteemed as friends, brothers, and

near relations. But if they are not received and admitted into the family, or if they are destined to be put to death, a most distressing and horrid scene ensues.

A stake is fixed firmly in the ground ; at the distance of eight or ten feet, dry wood, leaves, and fagots are placed in a circle round the stake, and the whole village is collected, to bear their part in the tragedy which is to ensue. The prisoner is led to the stake, and tied to it by his hands, in such a manner that he may move freely round it. Fire is set to the wood, that, as it runs round the circle, the unhappy victim may be forced to run the same way. As the sufferings of the prisoner begin to become severe, the acclamations of the spectators commence. The men, women, and children strive to exceed each other in finding out new and keener methods of torment. Some apply red hot irons, others stab and cut with their knives, others mangle and tear off the flesh ; others again bite off the nails and joints, or twist and tear the sinews. Every species and degree of cruelty that savage rancor and revenge can invent and apply is tried upon the wretched sufferer ; but great care is taken that the vital parts may not be so injured as to bring the torments of the victim to a speedy end. In this horrid situation, the sufferer is undaunted and intrepid. He reviles and insults his tormentors. He accuses them of cowardice, meanness, and want of spirit ; as ignorant, unskilful, and destitute of ingenuity and invention in the art of tormenting. Not

a groan, a sigh, a tear, or a sorrowful look, is suffered to escape him. To insult his tormentors, to display undaunted and unalterable fortitude in this dreadful situation, is the most noble of all the triumphs of the warrior. With an unaltered countenance, and with the decisive tone of dignity and superior importance, the hero proceeds with great calmness to sing the song of his death : —

“Intrepid and brave, I feel no pain and I fear no torture. I have slain, I have conquered, I have burnt mine enemies, and my countrymen will avenge my blood. Ye are a nation of dogs, of cowards, and women. Ye know not how to conquer, to suffer, or to torture. Prolong and increase my torments, that ye may learn from my example how to suffer and behave like men.”

With such unconquerable magnanimity and fortitude the sufferer perseveres, under every method of torment and torture. Wearied with cruelty, and tired with tormenting a man whose fortitude they cannot move, one of the chiefs, in a rage, concludes the scene by knocking the prisoner on the head, or stabbing him to the heart.

These scenes, however, were not common. They seem to have been a kind of honor reserved for the warriors, and were the trials of their courage and fortitude ; and nothing was esteemed more base and ignominious than to shrink from them, or to show any sense of fear or pain under them.

When the prisoners were adopted into the tribe of the conquerors, nothing could exceed the kind-

ness and affection with which they were treated. All distinction of tribes was forgotten ; they held the same rank as the deceased person whose place they filled, and were treated with all the tenderness due to the husband, the brother, the child, or friend ; and it was generally the case that the savages avoided abuse and cruelty to the women and children that fell into their hands.

The Indian method of carrying on a war was so contrary to the maxims and customs of all civilized nations, that some of the European writers, judging from their own customs, have concluded it was founded on cowardice, and arose from an ignoble and timid spirit, afraid to meet its opposers on equal ground, and depending wholly on craft, and not at all on courage and firmness of mind. No conclusion was ever farther from the truth. When placed in a critical and dangerous situation, no people ever discovered more valor, firmness, and intrepidity. When subdued, an Indian was never known to ask for his life. When compelled to suffer, the Indian bore it with a steadiness, a fortitude, and a magnanimity unknown to all other nations, and of which there are no examples in the history of war. His method of war did not arise from a sense and fear of danger ; he was well acquainted, and always in the midst of this ; but it arose from his situation and employment, and was perfectly well adapted to it. From his situation and employment as a hunter, he acquired the art of ambuscade and surprise ; and the method with which he could best succeed in

taking his game he found to be the most successful to insnare and overcome his enemy. The situation and state of the country, overspread with thick forests, led to the same method. The situation of the tribe, scattered and dispersed in the woods, suggested the same idea. The method of fighting could not be in the open fields, but among the trees; and he wisely placed the point of honor in the public good, where the prospect and probability of his success lay. Had the honor of the Indian warrior been placed in courting fame and victory in the open field, the whole tribe would have been destroyed by the effusion of blood that must have succeeded. His maxims, therefore, were better chosen, and they were such as every circumstance in his situation and employment naturally led him to; not in a useless ostentation of daring courage and boldness, but in the public utility and advantage. So far as an enterprise depended on secrecy, subtlety, surprise, and impetuosity, the Indian method of war seems to have been fully equal to the European. The Spaniards, the French, the English, and the States of America have had many and painful proofs of their address and prowess in this method. But when a fort was erected, or a small fortification to be carried, the Indian method of war wholly failed. Neither their arms, their arts, nor their customs were of any avail here. Wholly unacquainted with the art of fortification, they could neither erect nor take a fort of any strength. When the Europeans had once got possession of any part of their coun-

try, and erected a small fortification in their territories, they held it by a sure possession. The savages were wholly unable to dispossess them by their method of war, and nothing was left for them but to retreat farther into the forests. In this way the English and French were making constant advances into their country; and their art of war afforded them no sufficient means either to prevent or to redress it. But when the Europeans followed them into the woods, where their strength and art might be employed to advantage, the Indians generally surprised and defeated their armies, with great havoc and slaughter.

## A WITCH STORY OF OLDEN TIME.

ORIGINAL. A. C.

It is sometimes curious to recall to mind stories which were believed and currently reported a hundred and more years ago by the sturdy founders of our nation, who, though men fit to grapple with all earthly dangers, to fight the bloody Indians, or the wild beasts of the forest, were, notwithstanding, affected with many little weaknesses. Among these may be mentioned particularly a fear of the supernatural, to which agency they ascribed every strange or unusual occurrence.

The following incident was related to the writer by a descendant of the principal actor in the affair.

About the year 1740, a certain man by the name of Jones built a house for himself and family in a clearing he had cultivated in the middle of the State of New Hampshire. The family having moved into the house, a single week sufficed to prove that the house was haunted. Strange noises were heard throughout the house, and whenever any one dared to open his eyes at the "still and witching hour of midnight," startling and inexplicable sights were seen. The family naturally became much alarmed, and dared not remain longer in the house. These

facts, being noised abroad, excited a great deal of remark and wonderment. Some proposed to have the spirits exorcised; but a man named Turner finally offered his services to quell the disturbance, and clear the house of its ghastly visitants. He declared that he cared for nothing earthly or un-earthly; so, both for the purpose of proving his bravery and of ascertaining the cause of the disturbance, it was determined that he should sleep in the house, and see the matter through.

The family of Mr. Jones departed on a visit to their friends, and in came Turner to sleep as agreed. The house was of one story, consisting of a kitchen, sitting room, and bed room on the ground floor, and an unfurnished loft above, reached by a ladder. On the night in question, Turner, having replenished the fire in the enormous fireplace—one of those comfortable fireplaces which an old-fashioned kitchen always contained, and which occupied nearly the whole of one side of the room—Turner, I say, having rolled on some logs, sat a while in the chimney corner, his elbows resting on his knees, as he gazed at the burning brands. Tongues of flame leaped from the smoking logs, and whirled away up the chimney; and their roaring, as they disappeared, seemed changed to unearthly tones—now soft and musical, now hoarse and low, like distant thunder. The roaring of the wind among the pines near by mingled with that of the fire, and increased the excitement of Turner's imagination. Strange shapes appeared to rise from the flames, and nod



and brandish their arms around, then sink, only to be succeeded by others still more fearful. The fitful gleams cast a ghastly light over the remoter parts of the room. The shadows on the wall joined hands, and moved around in solemn silence.

Turner sat in his lonely revery until the sticks he had thrown upon the fire were nearly consumed, and the flames were just dying away ; then, rousing up, he bethought himself of his old reputation for courage. Rather than be exposed to the sneers of his neighbors, he was ready to meet ten thousand ghosts. He threw on some fresh fuel, and went to bed.

The bedroom opened immediately out of the kitchen, where he had been sitting. Leaving the door open, he lay down to sleep, and remained undisturbed till about midnight, when a slight noise caused him to open his eyes. Looking through the open door into the kitchen, he beheld, with momentary horror, a cat sitting on the hearth and gazing direfully at him with eyes like two balls of fire, as large as a man's fist. Turner was really a brave man. He quickly expelled from his bosom the first trace of terror, and prepared as quickly to expel his unwelcome guest.

Creeping carefully from the bed to the fireplace, — the cat turning all the while so as to face him, — he snatched a huge fire shovel, with a handle four feet in length, and aiming a blow at the horrid beast before him, struck it with force sufficient to kill any thing of earthly mould. Strange to say, however, the shovel rebounded from the cat in a wonderful

manner, almost flying from Turner's hands. It was like beating a large mass of India rubber. Nothing daunted, he laid on still harder, until by dint of oft-repeated blows the monster was pushed near the outer door, when one more tremendous stroke sent the animal straight through the middle of the oaken planks, which closed up as before. Turner instantly sprang to the latch and opened the door; but, wonderful to relate, nothing was in sight. He looked to the right and he looked to the left; but nothing could be seen or heard save the tall pine trees waving and roaring in the stormy blast.

Going to the barn before breakfast, to attend to the stock of the farm, he was surprised to find that a promising calf was missing. The barn was constructed tight and secure, and all the doors were closed. No mode of egress could be discovered. However, as a forlorn hope, he searched the pasture near by, where he soon heard the faint bleating of a calf. He followed the sound, and was led to a log, to all appearance sound and solid. This puzzled him; but he quickly brought an axe and wedges, and with their aid the log was forced to reveal its secrets. The calf was found nicely packed in a cavity the size of its body. Out it jumped, glad to be released from captivity. On a minute examination, Turner discovered a knot hole in the side of the barn, lined with hair, through which it was evident to all the neighbors — who came in crowds to examine the place — that the animal was drawn. We may remark



MOUNT WASHINGTON, NORTH CONWAY.

## BAKER'S RETREAT.

FROM THE REV. GRANT POWERS'S "HISTORY OF THE COOS COUNTRY."

MUCH discussion has arisen at different times in the county of Coos, N. H., in relation to the origin of the name of Baker's River. It was called by that name when the first settlers came on, and it was called so in the journal of Captain Powers, in 1754. The following tradition, which has come down from the earliest settlement, seems fully to explain the source from which the name was derived.

It is said that while Massachusetts was claiming the province of New Hampshire, prior to the old French war, Massachusetts sent a Captain Baker, from old Newbury, at the head of a company, to ferret out the Indians, who had their encampment somewhere upon the waters of the Pemigewasset. Baker procured a friendly Indian, who led them to Plymouth, in New Hampshire. When Baker and his party had arrived on these meadows, the friendly Indian signified it was now time for every man to gird up his loins; and they did so, moving forward with all possible circumspection. When they had reached the south bank of Baker's River, near its

junction with the Pemigewasset, they discovered the Indians on the north bank of Baker's River, sporting in great numbers, secure, as they supposed, from the muskets of all "pale faces." Baker and his men chose their position, and opened a tremendous fire upon the Indians, which was as sudden to them as a clap of thunder. Many of the sons of the forest fell in death in the midst of their sports. But the living disappeared in an instant, and ran to call in their hunters. Baker and his men lost no time in crossing the river in search of booty. They found a rich store of furs deposited in holes dug into the bank of the river horizontally, in the manner bank swallows make their holes. Having destroyed their wigwams and captured their furs, Baker ordered a retreat, fearing that they would soon return in too great force to be resisted by his single company. And the Indians were fully up to his apprehensions; for, notwithstanding Baker retreated with all expedition, the Indians collected, and were up with them when they had reached a poplar plain in Bridgewater, a little south of Walter Webster's tavern. A smart skirmish ensued, but the Indians were repulsed with loss. Notwithstanding this, the friendly Indian advised Baker and his men to use all diligence in their retreat; for he said their number would increase every hour, and that they would return to the attack.

Accordingly Baker pressed on the retreat with all possible despatch, and did not allow his men to take refreshment after the battle. But when they

came into New Chester, having crossed a stream, his men were exhausted, through abstinence, forced marches, and hard fighting ; and they resolved they could go no farther without food, saying to their commander they "might as well fall by the tomahawk as by famine." The captain acquiesced, and they prepared to refresh themselves ; but here was a call for Indian stratagem. The friendly Indian told every man to build as many fires as he could in a given time ; for the Indians, if they pursued them, would judge of their numbers by the number of their fires. He told them, also, that each man should make him four or five crotched sticks, and use them all in roasting a single piece of pork ; then leave an equal number of wooden forks around each fire, and the Indians would infer, if they came up, that there were as many of the English as there were forks, and this might turn them back. The Indian's counsel was followed to the letter, and the company moved on with fresh speed. The Indians, however, came up while their fires were yet burning, and, counting the fires and forks, the warriors whooped a retreat, for they were alarmed at the number of the English. Baker and his men were no longer annoyed by those troublesome attendants ; and he attributed their preservation to the counsel of the friendly Indian.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE INDIAN VILLAGE OF ST. FRANCIS.

FROM WILLIAMS'S HISTORY OF VERMONT.

1759.

In the year 1759 it was thought best to make the enemy feel the force and resentment of the English colonies. The Indians had not as yet discontinued their attempts to disturb and distress the frontiers. Among these tribes, none had been more bloody and cruel than that of St. Francis. Their village was situated on the south side of the River St. Lawrence, not far from Trois Rivières. So early as the year 1703, the Governor of Canada had drawn off a large number of Indians from Penobscot, Norridgewock, Saco, Pigwacket, and other parts of the eastern country, and settled them at Beçancour and St. Francis. By uniting them with the Indians of Canada, he meant to procure a force sufficient to protect their own frontiers, and to have always in reserve a body of savages well acquainted with the English frontiers, and the most favorable times and places of carrying desolation among them. The event justified his expectations. From none of the

Indian tribes had the provinces of New Hampshire and Massachusetts suffered so much as from the savages of this village and tribe. They made their incursions through the River St. Francis to Lake Memphremagog, and from thence down Connecticut River to the English settlements, and had been much distinguished by the slaughter and destruction they had spread among the advanced settlements, by the number of their scalps and captives, and by the enormity of their cruelty and barbarity.

Major Rogers was appointed by General Amherst to manage an excursion against this barbarous tribe, and to carry the horrors of war into the midst of Canada. Rogers was from the province of New Hampshire. He commanded a company so early as the year 1755, and had become so famous for the number, boldness, and success of his enterprises, that Lord Loudon had set him at the head of the ranging companies, put him upon the British establishment and pay, till he rose to the rank of a major. Amherst esteemed him a proper person to retaliate on an Indian village some of the measures they had so often acted against the advanced English forts and settlements. The orders which he gave to Rogers were expressive of the character and views of the English general, and of the sentiments and feelings of the English colonies with respect to the Indian cruelties.\*

\* "ORDERS FROM SIR JEFFREY AMHERST TO MAJOR ROGERS.

"You are this night to set out with the detachment, as ordered yesterday, (viz., of two hundred men,) and proceed to Missisquoi Bay,



In conformity to his orders, Rogers set out with two hundred men in bateaux, and proceeded down Lake Champlain. On the fifth day after they left Crown Point, they met with a misfortune which diminished their numbers. Being encamped on the eastern shore of the lake, a keg of gunpowder accidentally took fire, which in its explosion wounded a captain of the royal regiment and several of the men. These were sent back to Crown Point, with some of the party to conduct them. By this event the party was reduced to one hundred and forty-two men, officers included. With this reduced party the major proceeded on the expedition, and in seven days landed at Missisquoi Bay. Here he concealed his boats among the bushes that hung over one of the streams, and left in them provisions sufficient to carry them back to Crown Point. Two of his rangers were appointed to watch the boats, and to

from whence you will march and attack the enemy's settlements on the south side of the River St. Lawrence, in such a manner as you shall judge most effectual to disgrace the enemy, and for the success and honor of his majesty's arms.

"Remember the barbarities that have been committed by the enemy's Indian scoundrels, on every occasion where they have had an opportunity of showing their infamous cruelties on the king's subjects, which they have done without mercy; take your revenge; but do not forget that though these villains have dastardly and promiscuously murdered the women and children of all orders, it is my orders that no women or children be killed or hurt.

"When you have executed your intended service, you will return with your detachment to camp, or to join me wherever the army may be.

Yours, &c.,

"JEFFREY AMHERST.

"CAMP AT CROWN POINT, September 12, 1759."

keep themselves concealed till the party should return ; or, if the enemy should discover the boats, to pursue the track of the party with the greatest speed, and give intelligence to the commander. The second evening after Rogers left the bay, the two trusty rangers overtook the party, and informed Rogers that four hundred French and Indians had discovered the boats, and sent them away with fifty men, and that the remainder were in pursuit of the English party. Rogers kept the intelligence to himself, and ordered a lieutenant with eight men and these two rangers to proceed to Crown Point, inform the general of what had taken place, and request him to send provisions to Coos, (now Newbury,) on Connecticut River, by which he meant to return.

Nothing now remained for Rogers but to give up the expedition or to outmarch his pursuers. He determined on the latter, and pushed forward for St. Francis with all the expedition that was possible. On the 4th of October, at eight o'clock in the evening, he came within sight of the town. Ordering his men to halt and refresh themselves, he dressed himself in the Indian garb, and took with him two Indians who understood the language of the St. Francis tribe, and went to reconnoitre the town. He found the Indians engaged in a grand dance, and without any apprehension of danger. At two o'clock in the morning he returned to his detachment, and marched them to the distance of about five hundred yards from the town. About

four o'clock, the Indians broke up their dance, and retired to rest. Rogers waited till they were asleep, and at break of day he posted his men in the most favorable situation, and made a general assault. Completely surprised, the Indians were soon subdued. Some were killed in their houses, and of those who attempted to fly, many were shot or knocked on the head by those who were placed at the avenues. The Indian method of slaughter and destruction was put in practice on this occasion; and wherever the Indians were found, their men, women, and children were slain without distinction and without mercy. The ferocity of the proceedings was already extremely violent; but the prospects which appeared at the rising of the sun could not but add new force and irritation to the feelings and passions of the assailants. As the light appeared, the scalps of several hundred of their countrymen were seen suspended on poles, and waving in the air. These trophies of savage cruelty and success could not fail to irritate to the highest degree the passions of the provincial soldiers; they meant to avenge the blood of their friends and relations, and they spared no pains to make an end of the village and of all that they could find of its inhabitants. The village contained three hundred of the enemy; two hundred were killed on the spot, and twenty taken prisoners.

The town appeared to have been in a very flourishing state. The houses were well furnished, and the church was handsomely adorned with plate; the

whole village had been enriched by the scalps and plunder taken from the English. Two hundred guineas were found in money, and a silver image weighing ten pounds, besides a large quantity of wampum, clothing, and some provisions. Collecting the provisions and such articles as they could easily transport, they set fire to the town, and reduced it to ashes. At seven o'clock in the morning the affair was completely over; Rogers then assembled his men, and found that one was killed, and six slightly wounded. Having refreshed his men for one hour, the major made no further delay, but set out on his return, with the addition of five English captives, whom he had retaken, leaving the inhabitants slain, and the village reduced to ashes.

To avoid his pursuers, Rogers now took a different route, and marched up St. Francis River, meaning to have his men collect and rendezvous at Coos, on Connecticut River. On their march they were harassed by some of the enemy, and several times attacked in the rear. In these rencontres they lost seven of their men, till Rogers, favored by the dusk of the evening, formed an ambuscade upon his own track, and fell upon the enemy where they least expected it; by this stroke he put an end to any further annoyance from the enemy. For about ten days the detachment kept together, till they had passed the eastern side of Lake Memphremagog. It was then thought best to scatter into smaller parties, and make the best of their way to some of the English settlements. Their sufferings now began to

## 130 DESTRUCTION OF THE VILLAGE OF ST. FRANCIS.

be severe, not only from the excessive fatigues they had undergone, but from hunger. Their provisions were expended, and they were yet at a distance from any place of relief. Some were lost in the woods, and others perished at Coos, being unable to hold out any further. But Rogers, with the most of his men, persevered amidst all their sufferings, till they arrived at Number Four, now Charlestown. This enterprise proved extremely dangerous and fatiguing to the men who had been engaged in it, but it made a deep impression on the enemy. It carried alarm and consternation into the heart of Canada, and convinced the Indians that the retaliation of vengeance was now come upon them.

## PETER BROWN'S TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Among the earliest settlers of one of the western towns of Windham county, Vermont, was a certain man named Peter Brown, familiarly called "Old Pete," who, entirely alone in the wilderness, commenced the task of clearing the woods and securing for himself a home. In the course of a few years he found himself surrounded by a thriving hamlet. Our hero, being of an eccentric turn of mind, was the butt for all the boys in the neighborhood to play their pranks upon ; and hence our story arises.

One fruitful summer, Peter, being moved with a desire for the good things of this life, cultivated, to the wonder of all round about, a patch of water-melons. These were the first raised in that part of the state, and the temptation to the boys was strong to assist him in disposing of them. At length, after losing many of the best ones, he concluded to watch the next night, and see what could be done towards catching the depredators. By the way, old Pete, although not a drunkard, was yet one who loved his bottle, and prided himself upon keeping the best whiskey in all the country, never leaving home without his pint bottle, which he called by the familiar name of "Betty." On the occasion in question,

having replenished "Betty," he filled his cart with fresh straw, and started for the melon patch. This was situated on the side of a hill, at the foot of which was a muddy pond, some two rods in diameter, and three feet deep, and mostly frequented by tadpoles and other small fry of that sort.

As was said, Peter started for his melon patch with every thing prepared for a vigorous campaign. The oxen turned into the pasture, his next care was to locate the cart where he could overlook the whole field; he blocked the wheels, and, putting "Betty" in his pocket, commenced his lonely patrol. Leaving Brown carefully attending to his melons, let us return to the boys, who take quite a prominent part in our story. Peter, like many a man of our own times, could never keep a secret; so all his preparations became known to his friends the boys, who formed their plans accordingly, and early in the evening ensconced themselves in a clump of bushes near by, to await the favorable moment for their operations.

As time progressed, Peter's bottle made frequent visits from pocket to mouth, until, whether from fatigue or too frequent libations, he became very sleepy, and by ten in the evening turned in and nestled very comfortably in the straw on the cart, intending, of course, to keep one eye open. In spite of his strenuous exertions to the contrary, sleep entirely overcame him; and his loud snoring announced to the boys in the bushes that the time had come for their sport; so out they sallied, and,

having selected half a dozen of the best melons, returned to an appointed place, where ample justice was done to the delicious fruit. Their main object being accomplished, next comes the fun; and to this they applied themselves with zest. Stealing out cautiously, one held the tongue of the cart, while others removed the blocking from the wheels; then, with a shove, off went cart, Pete, bottle, straw, and all. The probability seemed strong for a fine ride and a safe deliverance at the bottom; but fortune willed otherwise; for, as the hill was steep, the speed grew greater, till the whole establishment ran plump into the pond, when, striking a log sunk in the middle, the stoppage was so sudden as to pitch Pete and all his gear into the water. After splashing for a while, till some of the effects of the liquor were gone, he caught a wheel, and drew himself up into the cart, where he sat in perfect bewilderment as to how and when he came there. Having removed the mud and grass from his face, at length he came to himself, and recollected mounting the cart and settling himself in the straw. From that time his memory was as much in the dark as was every thing around him.

The boys all this time stood near, watching. When the old man fell in, their first thought was to help him out, for fear he would be drowned; but when he was seen seated safely in the cart, and no danger was to be apprehended, they disappeared behind the hill in high glee. Peter felt very miserable, and hardly knew what to do. He was just



drunk enough not to have a very clear idea of his situation, and hence feared to start for the shore. Finally he arrived at the conclusion that the best way was to try and raise some neighbors who lived near. These, coming at his cry, soon built a fire, by the light of which Peter Brown came safe to shore. When the loss of the melons was discovered, it was easy to understand the cause of the disaster, his rapid ride and plunge. It is said that Pete never recovered his "Betty," and, furthermore, never got another; however that may be, Brown never forgot his night's adventure, or the very practical temperance lesson he had received.

## INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN.

**ETHAN ALLEN**, one of the most prominent of the heroes of Vermont, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, January 10, 1737. He removed hence to Vermont, 1770. Previous to this removal, nothing is known of him, except that he made frequent journeys to Vermont, to locate lands under the grants of New Hampshire. His first public acts were in defending the settlers under these grants from the claims of the State of New York. This controversy continued for a long time to occupy the minds of the inhabitants; and though during the revolutionary war all united in the common cause, the final settlement of the dispute was not until 1791. Throughout the whole, Allen took a prominent part; and it was much owing to his influence that the issue was so favorable to the New Hampshire grantees. Allen never having had the advantages of early education, the works which he wrote possessed not sufficient interest or importance to secure their preservation to the present day, though they showed many traces of a mind naturally strong and vigorous to a high degree. The chief points in his character were an unconquerable industry and perseverance in what-

ever he undertook. He possessed, also, the greatest bravery, which, though ever tempered by prudence when the lives of others depended upon him, yet amounted even to rashness in the exposure of his own person. While firm in resistance to the encroachments of others, he was a strong, unwavering friend to law and order.

The courage and prudence of Colonel Allen were evident at the celebrated capture of Ticonderoga, with which every child is familiar, and in his expedition under Montgomery to Canada. Though the latter terminated disastrously, it was owing to no fault of his.

In his narrative of this affair he tells the following incident, which fully illustrates his personal fearlessness. He had surrendered under pressure of vastly superior numbers, on condition that all his men should be treated with honor ; but General Prescott, the British commander, ordering up a guard in his presence to execute a number of Canadians who were taken with him, Allen says, —

“It cut me to the heart to see the Canadians in so hard a case, in consequence of their having been true to me ; they were wringing their hands, saying their prayers, as I concluded, and expected immediate death. I therefore stepped between the executioners and the Canadians, opened my clothes, and told General Prescott to thrust his bayonet into my breast, for I was the sole cause of the Canadians taking up arms.

“The guard, in the mean time, rolling their eye-

balls from the general to me, seemed impatiently waiting his dread command to sheathe their bayonets in my heart ; I could, however, plainly discern that he was in a suspense and quandary about the matter. This gave me additional hopes of succeeding ; for my design was not to die, but to save the Canadians by a finesse. The general stood a minute, when he made me, with an oath, the following reply : ' I will not execute you now, but you shall grace a halter at Tyburn.' " It is needless to add that Allen never saw that famous hill.

At one time a large reward was offered by the State of New York for the apprehension of Allen.\* His friends were much alarmed ; but Allen laughed at them, and offered a bet that he would proceed to Albany, drink a bowl of punch, and return unhurt. Accordingly, the bet being accepted, he rode to Albany, and, after deliberately alighting from his horse, and entering the house with a haughty air, called for a bowl of punch. The intelligence that " Ethan Allen was in the city " spread rapidly, and a large concourse of people collected around the house, among whom was the sheriff of Albany county. Allen was wholly unmoved. Having finished his punch, he went to the door, mounted his horse, and giving a hearty " Huzza for the Green Mountains ! " departed unharmed. Those who were disposed to arrest him felt that the enterprise would not be unaccompanied with danger.

\* See De Puy's " Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Heroes of '76."

Another anecdote is alike illustrative of the temerity of Allen and the heroism of one of the women of those exciting times. While travelling upon the shores of Lake Champlain, opposite Crown Point, with a single companion, he stopped at the house of a Mr. Richards. It happened that, at the same time, a party of six soldiers from the neighboring fortress, fully armed, were at the house, with the intention of remaining during the night. Knowing Allen, they determined on arresting him, and obtaining the tempting reward offered by the government of New York for his apprehension. Mrs. Richards overheard their conversation, and when lighting Allen and his companion to their room, informed them of the design of the soldiers, and silently raising a window, advised them to escape. When the soldiers discovered that Allen had left the house, they threatened Mrs. Richards with punishment for conniving at the escape of the heroic leader of the Green Mountain Boys; but she apologized, on the ground that if she had failed to do so, the people would have torn down her house, and driven herself and family from their possessions.

The patriotism of Allen was entirely regardless of family ties. On one occasion, when his brother Levi joined the Tories, he entered a complaint against him to the patriot authorities, praying that his property be confiscated for the use of the public. When Levi heard of it, he challenged Ethan to single combat. Ethan replied that it would be dis-

graceful to fight a Tory. We may remark that Levi afterwards became a staunch Whig.

We append an exact copy of the above complaint of Colonel Allen against his brother.

“BENNINGTON COUNTY, SS.

*Arlington, 9th of January, 1779.* }

“To the Honorable the Court of Confiscation comes Colonel Ethan Allen, in the name of the free-men of this State, and complaint makes that Levi Allen, late of Salisbury, in Connecticut, is of tory principles, and holds in fee sundry tracts and parcels of land in this State. The said Levi has been detected in endeavoring to supply the enemy on Long Island, and in attempting to circulate counterfeit continental currency, and is guilty of holding treasonable correspondence with the enemy, under cover of doing favors to me, when a prisoner at New York and Long Island; and in talking and using influence in favor of the enemy, associating with inimical persons to this country, and with them monopolizing the necessaries of life; in endeavoring to lessen the credit of the continental currency; and in particular hath exerted himself in the most fallacious manner, to injure the property and character of some of the most zealous friends to the independency of the United States, and of this State likewise; all which inimical conduct is against the peace and dignity of the freemen of this State: I therefore pray the Honorable Court to take the

matter under their consideration, and make confirmation of the estate of said Levi, before mentioned, according to the laws and customs of this State, in such case made and provided.

"ETHAN ALLEN."

Our hero was distinguished for his contempt of pain. Once, while in a dentist's office, a lady came in who was severely afflicted with an aching tooth, but who had not the courage to submit to its extraction. Allen, perceiving her fears, ordered the dentist to take out one of his. He was assured that all his teeth were sound ; but Allen said, "Never mind ; do as I bid you ;" and soon the tooth was out. It hardly need be added that the lady, ashamed of her fears, followed his example.

The following anecdote is related of Colonel Allen to show that while determined that the guilty should suffer for their faults, he was yet equally strenuous that all the forms of justice should be complied with.

A certain David Redding was accused of supplying the enemy with food, and performing many other acts unfriendly to his country. He was first tried by a jury of six persons, under the authority of the Council of Safety, and, being convicted, was sentenced to be hung on the 6th of June, 1778. In the mean time, one John Burnam appeared from Connecticut, with Blackstone in his saddle bags, and declared before the council that a man could not be legally tried by less than twelve men, thus

proving Redding's trial irregular. The council immediately granted a reprieve and a new trial.

A multitude had assembled at the time appointed for the execution, when the news of this procedure came out. Their disappointment was very great, and an attempt was made to rescue the prisoner, and hang him in spite of every thing. Allen mounted a stump, and exclaimed, "Attention, the whole!" He then advised them to retire to their houses, and return at the time fixed by the council, saying, with a tremendous oath, "You shall see somebody hung; if Redding is not, I'll be hung myself." Upon this the crowd dispersed; and Redding, having been again convicted, was executed on the appointed day.

In religious belief Allen was a deist, and was fond of displaying his peculiar views on all occasions; his wife, however, was a devoted Christian. Notwithstanding the infidel character of his views, Allen was staunch in his love of truth, and a thorough contemner of any thing like equivocation or deceit.

On one occasion a person to whom he owed money had commenced a suit against him. Allen was unable to pay the debt, and employed a lawyer to have the execution of legal process against him postponed for a short period. As an easy measure to effect this, and throw the case over to the next session of the court, the lawyer denied the genuineness of the signature; Allen, who was present, stepped angrily forward, and exclaimed to his



## 142 INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF ETHAN ALLEN.

astonished counsel, "Sir, I did not employ you to come here and lie; I wish you to tell the truth. The note is a good one; the signature is mine; all I want is for the court to grant me sufficient time to make the payment." It is almost needless to add that the plaintiff acceded to his wish.

Allen died suddenly at Burlington, Vt., February 12, 1789, at the age of fifty years, while yet in the fulness of his vigor and strength.

## SEIZURE OF CAPTAIN REMEMBER BAKER BY THE YORKERS.

1772.

THE subject of the following narrative was one of the most prominent men on the side of the Green Mountain Boys, in the protracted struggle which was carried on with the authorities of New York. Having lost his father in early youth, severe necessity gave him habits of prudence, energy, and self-reliance, which well fitted him to become a leader among resolute men. He was a soldier and afterwards an officer in the French war, and gained no little distinction by his bravery and discretion. He settled in Arlington, Vt., about the year 1764, and built some mills. These were the first erected north of Bennington, and attracted numerous settlers to the vicinity. Baker early incurred the displeasure of the officials of New York by the vigor with which he opposed their efforts to gain jurisdiction over the New Hampshire grants, as well as by the influence which his example had upon others. He was denounced to the world as a felon, and, in company with Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, he enjoyed the distinction of having a large reward offered for his apprehension. These circumstances

led one John Munro, an active partisan of New York, to assemble ten or twelve men of like feeling with himself, for the purpose of seizing Captain Baker, and carrying him to Albany. The following account of the transaction is taken, with some little alteration for the reader's sake, from the *Connecticut Courant* of June 9, 1772. It is understood to have been written by Colonel Ethan Allen.\*

"This wicked, inhuman, most barbarous, infamous, cruel, villanous, and thievish act was perpetrated, committed, and carried into execution by one John Munro, a reputed justice of the peace, living near Arlington, with a number of ruffians, his neighbors. These, after a *Lord's day* consultation in plotting this wicked and horrid design, surprised Baker in his dwelling house, about the first appearance of morning light on the 22d day of March. After making an attempt to discharge their firearms through Baker's house, and finding them miss fire, Munro with his attendants did with axes forcibly break and enter Baker's house, and with weapons of death spread destruction round the room, cutting with swords and bruising with firearms and clubs men, women, and children; swearing he would have Baker, dead or alive, and that he would burn the house — Baker, wife, children, and all the effects. To compass and bring this villanous scheme into execution, he did, with his own wicked and rebellious hand, convey fire from the hearth to a cup-

\* See De Puy's "Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Heroes of '76," p. 161.

board in the room, it being the most convenient place to answer his intentions ; when all on a sudden a Judas spirit — that of gain and plunder — overbalanced his wicked noddle. This being agreed on, he instantly thrust his sword at Mrs. Baker, with an intention to destroy her life, (as he has since confessed,) when her right arm for that time happily preserved her from the intended murder. Others of his attendants, in the mean time, were mauling, beating, and bruising his children. Mr. Baker, having at that time posted himself in his chamber, for the better security of himself, his family, and effects, finding their malice and imprecations principally levelled at his person, thought proper to leave his chamber, thinking thereby to draw the murderers after him, and so give his family a better opportunity to save themselves from impending ruin and utter destruction. He accordingly burst a board from the gable end of the house, and leaped out ; when part of the ruffians were ordered by Munro, after firing upon Baker, to set on him a large, spiteful, wilful, and very malicious dog, educated and brought up agreeably to their own forms and notions. He was, like those other servants of the devil, at that time all obedience. He seized Baker, and being instantly joined by his cruel partners, the prisoner was bound and pinioned so fast that he was unable to make the least resistance in defence of himself, his unhappy, wounded wife, or his poor, helpless, distressed children.

“ And not being as yet satisfied with their own

unlawful proceedings, and their thirst for blood not being quenched, the better to enhance and increase their horrid crimes, and procure a fell draught of human blood to quench their unnatural thirst, they conveyed Baker to the carriage in which they rode, where, in his confined state, John Munro did with his attendants tomahawk, cut, and slash him in spots, that their eyes might see a life languish out by degrees in streams of blood, while they did, with an oath at almost every breath, laugh him in the face, to express their satisfaction in his agonizing groans.

“In this awful and lamentable situation — almost on the verge of eternity by means of his bruises, cuts, and great effusion of blood — Baker, with a voice according to his strength, called for his clothes; for thus far he was just as he rose from his bed. But he was denied these by Justice Munro, who gave him several strokes with his naked sword over the face and eyes, breaking the weapon into three pieces. He followed this inhuman act with the menace that ‘*he would clothe him as a — — — traitor;*’ which aggravating threat gave a new sip to their beloved revenge. Thus they continued him in his naked journey for the space of four miles and a half, with many cruel words and hard blows, stopping his breath with handkerchiefs till he was almost suffocated, lest he should apply to some person for relief.

“The justice and attendants had taken those of the effects belonging to the house which he and

they, in their trepidation, thought worthy their notice ; although they would probably have been more faithful in the prosecution of selfish and worldly gain, had they not feared a surprise in so unchristian an act. They pursued their journey with severe words and cruel threats, as though resolved to take full swing, and make an ample feast of human cruelty. They were followed by three loyal and faithful men, who, after asking for the preservation of Baker's life, were fired upon by several of Munro's party, and robbed of what they had with them, to the value of forty dollars, as a fresh sip and recruit to their hellish desires. These distressing tidings, being soon spread in the neighborhood, stirred up the innocent inhabitants. For the preservation of their *own* persons, their families and effects, as well as those of Baker, some of them pursued the carriage about thirty miles, coming up with it at the Hudson River ferry, opposite to Albany. The savage-like John, with his attendants, being conscience struck and condemned, ran and hid themselves so privately that it is not known by his or their acquaintances where they have been ever since ; leaving Baker with very little remains of life, unable to fight for himself, and relying, as he had never done before, upon the mercies of his foes.

"Such is a very short though true account of the barbarous conduct of the said John towards Baker and his family. Such conduct, exercised by a pretended or real civil magistrate, must be a reproach, a shame, and disgrace to the laws, restrictions, reg-

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ulations, peace, manners, good order, and economy, both of the laws of God and man. The above and much more can be attested with good authority, as many worthy persons were eye witnesses of the tragedy. The robbery has since been confessed by the said justice, and he has promised to make amends." \*

\* This last clause seems to have been added some time after the article was written. The reader will observe that the publication was more than two months after the occurrence it narrates.

## FEMALE COURAGE.

FROM THOMPSON'S "GAZETTEER OF VERMONT."

DURING the revolutionary war, the inhabitants of the western part of the State of Vermont, which had then been settled but a few years, were much exposed to the depredations of the merciless Indians. Coming down Lake Champlain in their canoes, they generally fell upon the settlements before they had any warning of their approach. As they seldom molested women and children, it was customary for the men to flee into the woods till the Indians had performed their work of plunder. At one time a party of them entered the house of Mr. Philip Stone, of Bridport, Vt., giving him but just time to escape; and after stripping it of every thing of value to them, the principal sanhop put on the finest shirt it afforded, and, swaggering away to the hogsty, selected the best hog, and officiated as chief butcher, flourishing his fine bloody sleeves, while his comrades, whooping and dancing, carried it away to their canoes. At another time, a party of Indians, coming up the bank, were discovered by Mrs. Stone in season to throw some things out of a back window into the weeds, put a few in her bosom,



and sit down to her carding. The Indians, after taking what they could find elsewhere, came about Mrs. Stone and the children. One of them, seeming to suspect that she had some valuable articles concealed about her person, attempted to pull them from her bosom ; whereupon she struck him on the face with the teeth side of her card so violently that he withdrew his hand, while a tall young savage was flourishing his tomahawk over her head. Upon this an old Indian cried out, "*Good squaw ! good squaw !*" and burst into a laugh of derision at his companions, for being beaten.

## THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

FROM WILLIAMS'S "HISTORY OF VERMONT."

1777.

GENERAL BURGOYNE was making very slow advances from Lake Champlain towards Albany. Having received information that a large quantity of stores was laid up at Bennington, and guarded only by the militia, he formed the design of surprising that place; and was made to believe that as soon as a detachment of the royal army should appear in that quarter, it would receive effectual assistance from a large body of loyalists, who only waited for the appearance of a support, and would, in that event, come forward and aid the royal cause. Full of these expectations, he detached Colonel Baum, a German officer, with a select body of troops, to surprise the place. His force consisted of about five hundred regular troops, some Canadians, and more than one hundred Indians, with two light pieces of artillery. To facilitate their operations, and to be ready to take advantage of the success of the detachment, the royal army moved along the east bank of Hudson's River, and encamped nearly

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opposite to Saratoga, having at the same time thrown a bridge of rafts over the river, by which the army passed to that place. With a view to support Baum, if it should be found necessary, Lieutenant Colonel Breyman's corps, consisting of the Brunswick grenadiers, light infantry, and chasseurs, were posted at Battenkill.

General Stark, having received information that a party of Indians were at Cambridge, sent Lieutenant Colonel Greg, on August 13, with a party of two hundred men, to stop their progress. Towards night he was informed by express that a large body of regulars was in the rear of the Indians, and advancing towards Bennington. On this intelligence, Stark drew together his brigade and the militia that were at hand, and sent on to Manchester, to Colonel Warner, to bring on his regiment; he sent expresses at the same time to the neighboring militia, to join him with the utmost speed. On the morning of the 14th he marched, with his troops, and at the distance of seven miles he met Greg on the retreat, and the enemy within a mile of him. Stark drew up his troops in the order of battle; but the enemy, coming in sight, halted upon a very advantageous piece of ground. Baum perceived the Americans were too strong to be attacked with his present force, and sent an express to Burgoyne, with an account of his situation, and to have Breyman march immediately to support him. In the mean time, small parties of the Americans kept up a skirmish with the enemy, killed and wounded thirty of

them, with two of their Indian chiefs, without any loss to themselves. The ground the Americans had taken was unfavorable for a general action, and Stark retreated about a mile, and encamped. A council of war was held, and it was agreed to send two detachments upon the enemy's rear, while the rest of the troops should make an attack upon their front. The next day the weather was rainy; and though it prevented a general action, there were frequent skirmishings in small parties, which proved favorable and encouraging to the Americans.

On August 16, in the morning, Stark was joined by Colonel Symonds and a body of militia from Berkshire, and proceeded to attack the enemy, agreeably to the plan which had been concerted. Colonel Baum, in the mean time, had intrenched on an advantageous piece of ground near St. Koick's mills, on a branch of Hoosic River, and rendered his post as strong as his circumstances and situation would admit. Colonel Nichols was detached with two hundred men to the rear of his left; Colonel Herrick, with three hundred men, to the rear of his right; both were to join, and then make the attack. Colonels Hubbard and Stickney, with two hundred more, were ordered on the right, and one hundred were advanced towards the front, to draw the attention of the enemy that way. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the troops had taken their position, and were ready to commence the action. While Nichols and Herrick were bringing their troops together, the Indians were alarmed at the prospect,

and pushed off between the two corps, but received a fire as they were passing, by which three of them were killed, and two wounded.

Nichols then began the attack, and was followed by all the other divisions; those in the front immediately advanced, and in a few minutes the action became general. It lasted about two hours, and was like one continued peal of thunder. Baum made a brave defence; and the German dragoons, after they had expended their ammunition, led by their colonel, charged with their swords; but they were soon overpowered. Their works were carried on all sides, their two pieces of cannon were taken, Colonel Baum himself was mortally wounded and taken prisoner, and all his men, except a few who had escaped into the woods, were either killed or taken prisoners. Having completed the business by taking the whole party, the militia began to disperse and look out for plunder. But in a few minutes Stark received information that a large reënforcement was on their march, and within two miles of him. Fortunately at that moment Colonel Warner came up with his regiment from Manchester. This brave and experienced officer commanded a regiment of continental troops, which had been raised in Vermont. Mortified that he had not been in the former engagement,\* he instantly led on his men against Breyman, and began the second engage-

\* This seems to be a mistake as to Warner himself. He assisted Stark in person, though his men were not there. See *Anecdotes from the Life of General Stark*, page 163.

ment. Stark collected the militia as soon as possible, and pushed on to his assistance. The action became general, and the battle continued obstinate on both sides till sunset, when the Germans were forced to give way, and were pursued till dark. They left their two field pieces behind, and a considerable number were made prisoners. They retreated in the best manner they could, improving the advantages of the evening and night, to which alone their escape was ascribed.

In these actions the Americans took four brass field pieces, twelve brass drums, two hundred and fifty dragoon swords, four ammunition wagons, and about seven hundred prisoners, with their arms and accoutrements. Two hundred and seven men were found dead upon the spot; the numbers of wounded were unknown. The loss of the Americans was but small; thirty were slain, and about forty were wounded.

To this account we subjoin the following interesting incident from the Rev. Grant Powers's History of the Coos Country.

Colonel Charles Johnston, of Haverhill, N. H., was a man possessing most excellent qualities of mind and heart. His bravery and goodness were celebrated in all the country round; and the powers of his body were well proportioned to the greatness of his heart. The following event illustrates both his physical power and his courage. At the time when the troops of Vermont and New Hampshire

signalized themselves at the battle of Bennington, under General Stark, Colonel Johnston was there, and sustained a part in the brilliant achievements of that ever-memorable day. After Colonel Baum had surrendered to the American troops, and the battle was renewed by the arrival of Colonel Breyman, Colonel Johnston, in obedience to orders from General Stark, was necessitated to pass through a narrow strip of woods on foot and alone, to bear some orders to the other division of the American army. He had no weapon of defence but a stout staff, which he had cut in the woods that day, as he was passing on to Bennington from New Hampshire. Thus equipped, he came suddenly upon a British scout in ambush, placed there to intercept communications between the different divisions of the Americans. The party in ambush was commanded by a Hessian lieutenant. As Johnston came up, this officer stepped forth, sword in hand, and claimed him as his prisoner. The word was no more than uttered before the sword was struck from the hand of the officer by Johnston's staff, and as soon did Johnston have possession of that sword, and pointing it at the breast of the Hessian, declared to him that he was that moment a dead man if he and his party did not throw down their arms. The officer turned to his men and said, "We are prisoners of war." The soldiers threw down their arms, and Johnston marched them before him to the American lines, where they were received by our troops.

The colonel returned with the sword to his fam-

ily, and, presenting it to his only son, Captain Michael Johnston, said, "This sword was won by valor ; let it never be retaken through cowardice." The sword was a splendid article of the kind. There was a good deal of writing upon it, formed by etching, and the officer's name. This sword was brought forth and exhibited for the mournful gratification of spectators on the day of the colonel's funeral solemnities. Before his death it was his expressed wish that this sword might descend from him in the line of the oldest male heir ; and it is now in the possession of the Rev. Charles Johnston, of the town of Locke, Cayuga county, N. Y.



## ANECDOTES FROM THE LIFE OF GENERAL STARK.

GENERAL JOHN STARK, the hero of the battle of Bennington, was a native of Londonderry, in New Hampshire, and was born August 17, 1728. His life was throughout one of great hardship and adventure. When at the age of twenty-one years, he was captured by the Indians, while on a fishing and hunting excursion. This happened in the following manner :—

John Stark, his brother William, and two others were camping out near the Connecticut River. In the excitement of the chase, John had wandered quite a distance from his companions, when suddenly he was surprised and seized by a party of ten savages. Of course resistance was vain, and he quietly gave himself up into their hands. On their demanding information about his companions, he directed them to a point opposite to their real position, and thus succeeded in leading the savages two miles out of the way. His associates, not knowing the cause of his absence, and thinking that he had wandered so far from them that he could not readily find his way back, unfortunately fired a number of guns as a signal. This of course made their posi-

tion known to the Indians. They immediately retraced their course, and stealthily approached the unsuspecting hunters. But their plans were disarranged by the boldness and intrepidity of Stark. As soon as they approached within hailing distance, he shouted to his comrades to run for their lives; and they lost no time in commencing a rapid retreat. Instantly four of his captors levelled their pieces at the three Yankees; but as quick as thought Stark struck up the guns of two of them, and by this means his brother William, who was one of the party, was able to make his escape. For this bold action John received a severe beating.

When the Indians arrived at the village of St. Francis, the spirit and deportment of Stark gained him the admiration of all the warriors. The captives were compelled to run the gantlet. The one or two who preceded Stark received very cruel treatment; but this intrepid youth, wrenching a tomahawk from the Indian who stood first in the line, fell with such fury upon every one who attempted to strike him, that he arrived at the end of his race completely untouched.

On another occasion they set Stark at work hoeing corn. Well knowing that they considered this an occupation unfit for brave men, he endeavored to show his ignorance of such work by leaving the weeds and hoeing up the corn. Finding them displeased at this, he flung the hoe into the river, exclaiming that "hoeing corn was work for squaws, and not for brave warriors." At this they broke

out in undisguised applause. He was styled "young chief," and was honored with an adoption into the tribe. He remained among them but four months.

In the French war, Stark was lieutenant in Major Rogers's company of rangers. In the month of January, 1757, Major Rogers with his men were ordered to proceed from Fort William Henry, where they were then stationed, on a scout towards Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. Proceeding down Lake George on the ice, they came on the third day to Lake Champlain. There they captured some provision sleds out of a train belonging to the enemy, and took a few prisoners. Fearing that the large garrison at Ticonderoga would be apprised of his proximity by those who escaped, the rangers immediately began to retrace their steps towards Fort William Henry. As they were marching in single file, on account of the deep snow, across the neck of land which divides Lake George from Lake Champlain, the advance came unexpectedly upon two hundred of the enemy's troops, drawn up in battle array. In an instant a tremendous volley was poured upon them by the French. Stunned by this sudden and unlooked-for attack, they turned and rushed back to the rear. Stark, with his usual promptness, instantly formed his men upon a ridge, ten or fifteen rods distant from the enemy's position. Early in the action Major Rogers was disabled by a wound from exercising the command, and the responsibility devolved upon Stark. He was equal to the emergency. Where the balls flew,

thickest, there he stood, encouraging and cheering on his men to their duty. The battle began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and for four hours they stood their ground, in snow four feet in depth, upon one of the coldest of winter's chilly days. Although they were apprehensive that the keen evening air would be as fearful an enemy as the troops in their front, yet, animated by the unflinching spirit of their leader, they stirred not from their places until night had thrown her sable mantle over the wild forest, and the enemy had abandoned the field. The blood of half the French troops crimsoned the trampled snow. The bodies of the slain lay where they fell, and stiffened in the cold blasts of the north wind. Forty-eight of the rangers remained unhurt, and these, with the wounded, dragged themselves through the snow to the shore of Lake George. They arrived here at dawn, in a state of utter exhaustion. Stark, with two other brave men, volunteered to go to Fort William Henry, at the southern end of the lake, and procure sleds, on which to transport the wounded. The lake is thirty-six miles in length, and they travelled this distance upon the ice, reaching the fort about dark. They immediately started on their return with the sleds, travelled all night, and brought back the wounded to the fort at the close of the next day. Stark himself assisted to draw the sleds. Truly immense must Stark's power of endurance have been, thus to enable him to pass three days and two nights in the most violent and unremitted exertion.

Had it not been for his indomitable resolution and perseverance, it is probable that not one of his company would have returned to the fort to communicate the melancholy news of his comrades' destruction. At the close of this war he retired with the reputation of a brave and vigilant officer.

When the revolutionary war broke out, Stark was carrying on a saw mill. Fired by the news of the battle of Lexington, he abandoned his work, and proceeded at once to the continental army, near Boston. The morning after his arrival he received a colonel's commission ; and so great was his popularity, and the enthusiasm of the day, that in two hours he succeeded in enlisting *eight hundred men*. On the memorable 17th of June, Stark, with his New Hampshire backwoodsmen, was engaged in the terrible battle of Bunker Hill ; and the deadly fire of these sure marksmen, and the invincible courage of their leader, did much towards securing a favorable termination to that bloody conflict. He occupied an important place in several other battles ; but he reached the climax of his fame, when, in one of the darkest and most desponding periods of the American war, he achieved a glorious victory over the enemy at Bennington.

As a full description of this engagement will be found in another place, it is not our intention now to give any lengthened sketch of it, but merely to relate some incidents in which our hero was particularly concerned.

On the morning of the battle, Stark, who was

encamped about two miles distant from the enemy, rode forward with Warner, colonel of the Vermont regiment, to reconnoitre the position of his opponents. As they stopped to make observations, the report of a cannon was heard, and a heavy ball plunged past, ploughing the earth as it went. Stark looked at it coolly, and then exclaimed, "Those rascals know I am an officer; don't you see they honor me with a salute from a big gun?"

Nothing could be more characteristic of Stark than his speech to his men on leading them in sight of the enemy's troops. "Boys," cried he, as he pointed with his sword to the bayonets which gleamed from the high ground opposite, "boys, those are your enemies—the red coats and tories! We must conquer them, or to-night Molly Stark is a widow!" Victory or death was the only sentiment which possessed his intrepid heart; and this feeling indeed was not confined to him, but pervaded the breasts of all those who came to fight at his side for the liberty of their homes and their country. Such was the spirit that carried them through one of the hardest and most fiercely contested battles that occurred during the war of the revolution. They not only defeated the disciplined force that presented itself at first, but also an equally large reinforcement which arrived while the American troops were scattered in pursuit of their defeated foe, thus taking them at a disadvantage. In his official report, Stark thus speaks of the first portion of the engagement: "It lasted two hours, and was the

hottest I ever saw. It was like one continued clap of thunder."

Stark was acting at this time under the authority of the State of New Hampshire; but after this brilliant victory, Congress hastened to show its appreciation of his distinguished services. They bestowed upon him without delay the rank of brigadier general in the army of the United States. Thus ever ready was Congress to recognize and reward service done in the cause of liberty, though not in lines marked out by itself.

General Stark after this volunteered his services under General Gates at Saratoga, and assisted in the council which stipulated for the surrender of Burgoyne; nor did he cease his valuable services till he could greet his native country as an independent nation.

General Stark was of middle stature, not formed by nature to exhibit an erect soldierly mien. His manners were frank and unassuming; but he manifested a peculiar sort of eccentricity and negligence, which precluded all display of personal dignity, and seemed to place him among those of ordinary rank in life. But as a courageous and heroic soldier, he is entitled to high rank among those who have been crowned with unfading laurels, and to whom a large share of glory is justly due. His character as a private citizen was unblemished, and he was ever held in respect. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-three years, eight months, and twenty-four days, and died May 8, 1822.

## AN ACT OF COURAGE.

FROM REV. G. POWERS'S "HISTORY OF THE COOS COUNTRY."

1777.

It will be recollected by those who are acquainted with the history of the war of the revolution, that as soon as the battle was fought at Bennington, and the Americans began to hope that Burgoyne's army would fall into their hands, they set about retaking the forts of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, on the shores of Lake Champlain, which forts Burgoyne had left in his rear, supplied with troops for their defence. Ticonderoga was taken, and Mount Independence was straitly besieged for some time. There was a good deal of hard fighting, and it was confidently expected that Mount Independence would surrender ; but it did not.

The British shipping had full possession of the lake. Ticonderoga was upon the west side of the lake, and Mount Independence on the east. Our troops on the west side could hold no communication with those who had invested Mount Independence, and of course they could have no concert in action. It was at this time, when the greatest solicitude was felt by the two American command-



ers to know each other's minds, that the following expedient was adopted by the commander at Ticonderoga. He called on his men to know if there were any two of them who would volunteer to swim the lake in the evening, and carry despatches to General Lincoln, near Mount Independence. For a time none offered to undertake the hazardous enterprise; but when informed how much was probably depending upon it, Wallace, of Thetford, Vt., stepped forward and said he would attempt it; and then followed him Ephraim Webster, of Newbury, who originated in New Chester, N. H.

The documents were made out, and about sundown an officer took these two men upon an eminence which overlooked the lake, and pointed out to them the course they must take to avoid discovery by the British shipping, and then where they would probably find the American camp. At dusk of evening the same officer attended them to the margin of the lake, assisted them to prepare for the voyage, and saw them set sail, little expecting ever to hear from them again; for as they had to swim up and down the lake, in a zigzag course, to avoid the enemy, they must swim more than two miles before they could make terra firma; and it was so late in the season, the water was quite cold. They rolled their despatches in their clothes, and bound them upon the back part of their neck by cords passing round their foreheads. As soon as they entered the water, Wallace said to Webster, "We shall never reach

shore, it is so cold ;" but this he said without any thought of relinquishing the enterprise. ,

When about midway of the lake, the cord which fastened Wallace's clothes to his neck slipped down from his forehead to his throat, and cut him so hard as almost to strangle him. He made several attempts to replace the string upon his forehead, but failed, and was on the point of giving up all for lost. The thought, however, of the importance of his undertaking seemed to inspire him with new life and vigor, and he succeeded in replacing the string, and passed on without saying a word to dishearten Webster. They passed so near the British shipping as to hear the oft-repeated cry, "All's well!" They took no care to contradict that report, but buffeted the waves with stout hearts and sinewy limbs. They kept in company until they came near the eastern shore of the lake, when Webster seemed to fall into the rear, a few rods at the north of Wallace ; and just as Wallace struck the twigs of a tree which lay extended into the lake, he heard Webster say, "Help, Wallace ; I am drowning!" Wallace sprang to the shore, caught a stick, rushed into the water, and extended it to Webster in the act of sinking, and drew him ashore. Webster could not stand ; but Wallace rubbed him briskly, and put on his clothes, and he soon recovered so as to walk. Webster was so full of expressions of gratitude to Wallace for the preservation of his life, that Wallace had to caution

him not to speak so loud, for the enemy would hear them.

But new difficulties now presented themselves. It was dark, and they were in a strange place. The enemy was near, and had their sentinels on shore, as well as the Americans ; and what was worst of all, they knew not the countersign of the Americans on that side of the lake. They started, however, in quest of the American camp, and after travelling about nearly one hour, they were hailed by a British sentinel, and did but just make their escape. They then took a different direction, and Wallace gave both despatches into Webster's hands, and told him to keep in the rear, and he would go forward ; and if he should happen to fall into the hands of the enemy, Webster might have opportunity to escape with the despatches. But they had not proceeded a great way before Wallace was hailed by a sentinel — "Who comes there?" "A friend," says Wallace. "A friend to whom?" says the sentinel. "Advance, and give the countersign." This was a fearful moment. Wallace hesitated for an instant, and then replied, by way of question, "Whose friend are you?" The sentinel responded, "A friend to America." "So am I," said Wallace, "and have important despatches for your general." They were immediately conducted to the general's quarters, the despatches were delivered, and Wallace and Webster were received with every mark of surprise and gratitude, and every thing was done to render them comfortable and happy. But Wal-

lace never enjoyed the degree of health afterwards that he did prior to that chill and almost incredible effort. Wallace departed this life February 7, 1833, aged eighty. Mrs. Wallace died May, 1831, aged eighty-one.

Webster's subsequent history is worthy of a passing notice. At the time he visited Newbury last, he was residing among the Oneida Indians, New York. They had adopted him as their brother, promoted him to be chief in their tribe, and, to render the tie indissoluble, they had given him for a wife one of the black-haired maidens of the forest. Webster's health was not permanently injured by his dangerous adventure.

## THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

FROM AN ADMIRABLE POEM BY "H.," ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED  
IN THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW OF APRIL, 1839. SEE FRONTIS-  
PIECE.

WHERE a tall post beside the road displays  
Its lettered arm, pointing the traveller's eye  
Through the small opening 'mid the green birch  
trees,

Towards yonder mountain summit towering nigh,  
There pause ; what doth thy anxious gaze espy ?  
An abrupt crag hung from the mountain's brow !  
Look closer ; scan that bare sharp cliff on high ;  
Aha ! the wondrous shape bursts on thee now —  
*A perfect human face*—neck, chin, mouth, nose, and  
brow !

And full and plain those features are displayed,  
Thus profiled forth against the clear blue sky,  
As though some sculptor's chisel here had made  
This fragment of colossal imagery,  
The compass of his plastic art to try.  
From the curved neck up to the shaggy hair  
That shoots in pine trees from the head on high,  
All, all is perfect ; no illusions there,  
To cheat the expecting eye with fancied forms of air.

Most wondrous vision ! the broad earth hath not  
Through all her bounds an object like to thee,  
That travellers e'er recorded, nor a spot  
More fit to stir the poet's phantasy ;  
Gray OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, awfully  
There from thy wreath of clouds thou dost uprear  
Those features grand — the same eternally ;  
Lone dweller 'mid the hills, with gaze austere,  
Thou lookest down, methinks, on all below thee here.

And curious travellers have descried the trace  
Of the sage FRANKLIN'S physiognomy  
In that most grave and philosophic face :  
If it be true, Old Man, that here we see  
Sage Franklin's countenance, thou indeed must be  
A learned philosopher, most wise and staid,  
From all that thou hast had a chance to see,  
Since earth began ; here thou, too, oft hast played  
With lightnings glancing frequent round thy rugged  
head.

Thou saw'st the tawny Indian's light canoe  
Glide o'er the pond that glistens at thy feet,  
And the white hunter first emerge to view  
From up yon ravine, where the mountains meet,  
To scare the red man from his ancient seat,  
Where he had roamed for ages, wild and free.  
The motley stream which since from every state  
And clime through this wild vale pours ceaselessly,  
Travellers, gay tourists, all have been a theme to  
thee.

In thee the simple-minded Indian saw  
The image of his more benignant God,  
And viewed with deep and reverential awe  
The spot where the GREAT SPIRIT made abode ;  
When storms obscured thee, and red lightnings  
glowed  
From the dark clouds oft gathered round thy  
face,  
He saw thy form in anger veiled, nor rowed  
His birchen bark, nor sought the wild deer chase,  
Till thy dark frown had passed, and sunshine filled  
its place.

O that some bard would rise — true heir of  
glory, —  
With the full power of heavenly poesy,  
To gather up each old romantic story  
That lingers round these scenes in memory,  
And consecrate to immortality ;  
Some western Scott, within whose bosom thrills  
That fire which burneth to eternity —  
To pour his spirit o'er these mighty hills,  
And make them classic ground, thrice hallowed by  
his spells.

But backward turn ; the wondrous shape hath  
gone ;  
The round hill towers before thee, smoothly green ;  
Pass but a few short paces further on,  
Nought but the ragged mountain side is seen ;  
Thus oft do earthly things delude, I ween,

That in prospective glitter bright and fair,  
While time, or space, or labor intervene ;  
Approach them, every charm dissolves to air ;  
Each gorgeous hue hath fled, and all is rude and bare.



## THE NEW HAMPSHIRE RANGERS.

ORIGINAL. F. C.

AMONG all the men who were engaged during those early times when unflinching courage and firm self-reliance were the only assurances of safety in battling for their own existence and that of the dear ones who clustered around their firesides, there were none, from one end of the American shores to the other, whose brave and daring spirit was held in so much repute as was that of the New Hampshire Rangers. Thoroughly inured to the hardships of a frontier life, and initiated by experience into all the stratagems of border warfare, they made soldiers, when it became time for them to take the gun in hand, that friends could depend upon, and that enemies could not but fear. This fact has been attested by every engagement in which these troops took any part. It is only necessary to mention the well-known battles of Bunker Hill and Bennington, and the capture of Ticonderoga, to enable the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The incident which the writer is about to narrate is but another testimony to the same fact—the

most of it a family tradition, which now for the first time takes its place upon the historic page.

In the year 1755, the second from the beginning of the old French war, Baron Dieskau, a brave and experienced officer, was ordered to proceed from Canada up Lake Champlain, and to seize, if possible, the English posts upon that lake and Lake George. To effect that purpose he took with him a strong detachment of French regulars, Canadians, and Indians, amounting in all to eighteen hundred men. Before any part of his object had been accomplished, however, he engaged in battle with General William Johnson, upon the banks of Lake George, was entirely defeated, and himself received a mortal wound. Such of his men as were able to make their escape retreated to a place about four miles from the battle field, and there encamped.

In the mean time a party consisting of two hundred New Hampshire Rangers had been despatched from Fort Edward to assist the main body of provincials under General Johnson. This party was commanded by Captain McGinness, of New Hampshire, a capable and vigilant officer. Proceeding cautiously through the woods, the scouts in advance discovered the French and Canadian soldiers in their camp, numbering several hundreds. The Rangers were speedily informed of the proximity of their foe, and though greatly outnumbered, their intrepid hearts would not allow them to retreat. They determined to attack; and as the word was given to advance, each man seized his firelock with

firmer grasp, and moved on steadily and in order. It was now afternoon, and the French officers were in the centre of the camp, engaged in consultation as to how they might make the best of their disastrous condition, and get back to Canada in the quickest possible manner. The men were standing about, some cooking, some arranging their muskets and accoutrements, when the sentinels, who had not perceived the cautious approach of the Rangers till they were close upon them, gave the alarm. They sprang to arms with all the energy of desperation. But the movements of the hardy sons of New Hampshire were far too rapid to allow them to form in battle array.

Hardly had the warning shout of the sentinels rung through the camp when it was followed by a huzza which made the welkin ring again, and in an instant the bold Rangers poured in upon them with so fierce an onset that neither Canadians, Frenchmen, nor Indians could stand against them for a moment. All order and subordination were of course destroyed. Every man fought for himself, as best he could—some from behind trees, some from rocks, some lying at length behind little pieces of rising ground, firing in terror or in random and desperate fury. From their superior numbers they might even then have gained the victory; but the New Hampshire men understood this kind of fighting even better than they, and having once put their hand to the work they would never turn back. Selecting their stations with a practised eye, they

maintained the contest with unabated vigor, fighting man to man, or sending their unerring bullets wherever a head or part of a body offered a mark for their deadly aim.

Two hours passed on, and the battle raged as fiercely as ever. The forests still rang loudly with the reports of muskets, the cheers of the provincials, and the yells and shouts of the savages and the French. The blue smoke grew thicker as it curled slowly up among the trees, and the sun, as it went downward in the heavens, sent a darker shade from the thick foliage over the heads of the combatants. Yet the fight went on, and neither party had secured the advantage. The intrepidity and skill of the rangers were an equal match for the numbers of their foe. Neither was inclined to yield.

At last, however, the tide of victory was turned completely in favor of the Americans by a ruse of their able commander. The drummer and fifer of the company had, at the beginning of the battle, laid themselves down for safety behind a large log, at some little distance in the rear of their comrades. Captain McGinness, observing this, cautiously approached them, and gave directions that at a given signal from him they should rise up and vigorously ply their instruments. He then quietly returned to his place, and gave the pre-concerted sign. The musicians sprang to their feet, and their lusty efforts soon made the woods reëcho with the martial sounds. "A reënforcement!" shouted Captain McGinness; "men, to your work!" Right

and left caught up the words, and the cry of "Re-enforcements! reënforcements!" animated the hearts and gave new vigor to the arms of the provincials, while it sent terror to the hearts of their opponents. Panic-stricken at the sounds, they could no longer stand their ground. They rushed headlong from their places, and fled through the woods in the wildest disorder and dismay—the polished Frenchman and the savage striving only as to which should get first from the presence of their dreaded foe. The Rangers followed them with vigor, but the pursuit was short, for darkness soon put a stop to the prospect of accomplishing any thing among the tangled under-brush. And thus, under cover of night, the French and Indians got away as best they could.

The Rangers found, on calling the roll, that they had lost but twelve men, while the ground was strewn with the dead bodies of the enemy.

The writer cannot forbear to add an interesting incident that occurred during this battle. One Jonathan Chase, of Hopkinton, N. H., an expert marksman, had located himself somewhere near the centre of the belligerents. In the course of the action he was led to notice a large stump, nearly opposite him, a little in advance of the main body of the enemy. From this a shot was fired at intervals, and almost always to the injury of some one of his comrades. Looking carefully at the stump, he discovered a knot hole in the front of it, through which presently the muzzle of a musket was pushed, and, after a moment's delay, discharged. As quick

as thought Chase's plan was laid. Knowing that the savage would desire to learn the effect of his shot, he levelled his musket, waited an instant, then sent his bullet straight through the aperture. A faint yell reached his ear, and the body of a huge savage rose from the stump, and fell heavily to the ground. The work of death was as sure as it was speedy.

When the enemy were seized with panic, Chase followed them, and passing the body of his foe, snatched from his pack a wooden hominy-spoon which hung outside. He then observed that the stump was hollowed out like a tray, thus affording its occupant protection. The only opening was that which the Indian had used as a port hole, and through which the bullet of the keen-eyed marksman had entered. The Indian was shot through the brain, the ball having entered just above the right eye.

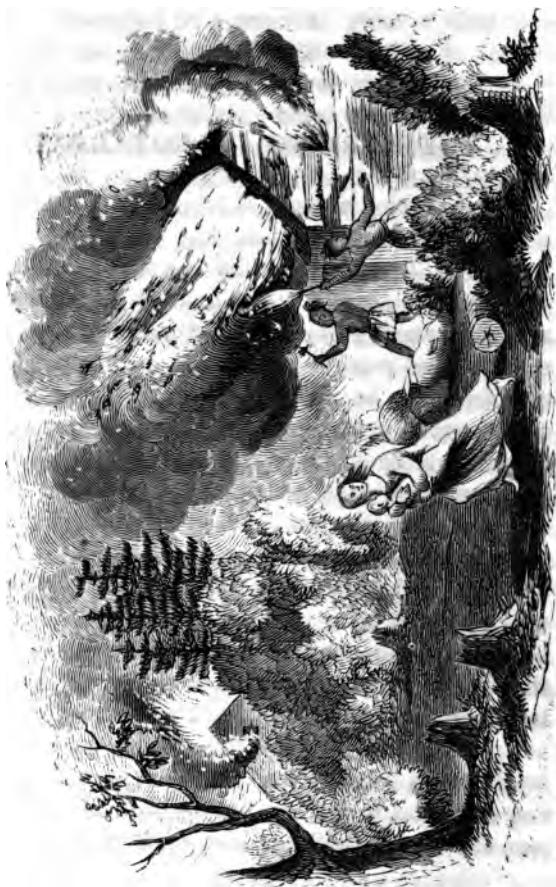
The wooden spoon was carried home, and remained long in the family as a valued relic. It was a curious specimen of savage workmanship, much ornamented, and having the figure of an Indian carved upon the handle. The bowl was large, and a projection on the handle served for a sort of pedestal for the Indian figure, which was in a sitting posture, the elbows resting on the knees, and the hands holding to the mouth a water bottle, from which he was drinking.

This spoon was an object of great interest to the

youngsters of the family ; and when the head of its brave winner was silvered with age, it was his delight, as well as theirs, to have them gather around him on a winter evening, and ask him to tell over again the story of the wooden spoon.







BURNING OF ROYALTON.

## THE BURNING OF ROYALTON.

THE following account is taken as it stands from a book published more than fifty years ago. It was written by Zadoc Steele, who was taken and carried captive by the enemy at the time of the attack, and who afterwards escaped and returned through great suffering and privation to his home and friends. It may therefore be relied upon as a faithful account of the scenes it describes. At the first reading, the editor took his pencil in his hand to correct some inaccuracies of style which met his eye ; but finding that one alteration would lead to many more, and that in endeavoring to improve the style he would be likely to destroy the vivid and graphic character which an eye witness had impressed upon the account, he determined to insert the whole story in its original dress. For pathos and copiousness of language the author could hardly be excelled. Had he possessed a thorough education, no doubt he would have stood equal, if not superior, in these respects, even to the two famous historians of Napoleon the Great which our own times have produced.

As a union of interest always strengthens the bonds of affection, so a participation in extreme

sufferings will never fail to produce a mutual sensibility. Prompted by a generous glow of filial love and affection, we generally take delight in surveying whatever gave our forefathers joy, and are ready to drop a sympathetic tear when we review the sufferings which they have undergone. But, contrary to the laws of sympathy and justice, the attention of the public is often engrossed with accounts of the more dreadful conflagrations of populous cities in foreign countries, or the defeat of armies in the field of carnage; while the destruction of small frontier settlements by the Indian tribes in our own country is at the same time little known, if not entirely forgotten. Thus the miseries of our neighbors and friends around us, whose bitter cries have been heard in our streets, are too often suffered to pass unnoticed down the current of time into the tomb of oblivion.

The burning of Royalton was an event most inauspicious and distressing to the first settlers of that town. Nor is it a little strange that, among the numerous authors who have recorded the events of the American revolution, some of them have not given place in their works to a more full detail of that afflictive scene.

Laboring under all the difficulties and hardships to which our infant settlements were subject, and striving by persevering industry to soar above every obstacle which might present itself to obstruct their progress, they had filled their barns with the fruits of the land, their storehouses were crowded with

the comforts of life, and all nature seemed to wear a propitious smile. All around them promised prosperity. They were far removed from the noise of war; and, though conscious of their danger, fondly hoped they should escape the ravages of a savage foe.

Royalton was chartered in the year 1779. A considerable settlement, however, had taken place previous to that time, and the town was in a thriving condition. Large stocks of cattle, which would confer honor upon the enterprise of farmers in old countries, were here seen grazing in their fields.

United by common interest, living on terms of friendship, and manifesting that each one in a good degree "loved his neighbor as himself," harmony prevailed in their borders, social happiness was spread around their firesides, and plenty crowned their labors. But, alas! the dreadful reverse remains to be told. While joys possessed were turned to sorrows, their hopes for joys to come were blasted. And as the former strongly marked the grievous contrast between a state of prosperity and affliction, the latter only showed the fallacy of promising ourselves the future.

On the morning of the 16th of October, 1780, before the dawn of day, the inhabitants of this town were surprised by the approach of about three hundred Indians of various tribes. They were led by the Caghnewaga tribe, and had left Canada intending to destroy Newbury, a town in the eastern part of Vermont, on Connecticut River. A British lieu-

tenant by the name of Horton was their chief commander ; and one Le Mott, a Frenchman, was his second. Their pilot, or leader, was a despicable villain, by the name of Hamilton, who had been made prisoner by the Americans at the taking of Burgoyne in 1777. He had been at Newbury and Royalton the preceding summer on parole of honor, left the latter place with several others, under pretence of going to survey lands in the northern part of this state, and went directly to the enemy. He was doubtless the first instigator of those awful depredations which were the bitter fruits of this expedition, and which ought to stamp his name with infamy and disgrace.

On their way thither, it is said, they came across several men from Newbury, who were engaged in hunting near the place where Montpelier village now stands, and made them prisoners. They made known their object to these hunters, and inquired of them whether an armed force was stationed at Newbury. Knowing the defenceless state of that town, and hoping they should be able to induce the Indians to relinquish their object and return to Canada, they told them that such an armed garrison was kept at Newbury as would render it extremely dangerous for them to approach — thus artfully dissembling by ambiguity of expression the true condition of their fellow-townsmen, and, like Rahab the harlot, saved their father's house from destruction.

Unwilling, however, that their expedition should prove wholly fruitless, they turned their course to

**Royalton.** No arguments which the prisoners could adduce were sufficient to persuade them from that determination.

Following up Onion River as far as the mouth of Stevens's branch, which empties into the river at Montpelier, they steered their course through Barre, at that time called Wildersburg; proceeded up Gaol branch, which forms a part of Stevens's branch, and travelled over the mountains through Orange and Washington; thence down the first branch of White River, through Chelsea and Tunbridge, to Royalton. They laid in their encampment at Tunbridge, not far distant from Royalton, during the Sabbath, the day preceding their attack upon the latter place, for the purpose of concerting measures to carry into effect their atrocious and malignant designs. Here were matured those diabolical seeds of depredation and cruelty from which sprang bitterness, sorrow, and death.

As they entered the town before daylight appeared, darkness covered their approach, and they were not discovered till Monday morning at dawn of day, when they entered the house of Mr. John Hutchinson, who resided not far from the line separating Royalton from Tunbridge. He was totally ignorant of their approach, and wholly unsuspecting of danger till they burst the door upon him.

Here they took Mr. John Hutchinson and Abijah Hutchinson, his brother, prisoners, and plundered the house; crossed the first branch, and went to the house of Mr. Robert Havens, who lived at a small

distance from Mr. Hutchinson's. Mr. Havens had gone out into his pasture in pursuit of his sheep, and having ascended a hill about forty rods from his house, hearing his neighbor Hutchinson's dog bark, halted, and stood in pensive silence. Here he listened with deep anxiety to know the extent of the evil he feared. But, alas! he little expected to find a herd of savage men. It was his only fear that some voracious animal was among his sheep, which so disturbed the watchful dog. While he listened in silence, with his thoughts suspended, he heard a noise as of sheep or cattle running with full speed through the water. Casting his eye to the west, towards his own dwelling, he beheld a company of Indians just entering the door. Seeing his own danger, he immediately laid down under a log, and hid himself from their sight. But he could not hide sorrow from his mind. Here he wept. Tears trickling down his withered cheeks bespoke the anguish of his soul while he thought upon the distress of his family. With groanings unutterable he lay a while, heard the piercing shrieks of his beloved wife, and saw his sons escaping for their lives.

Laden with the weight of years, decrepit and infirm, he was sensible if he appeared in sight it would prove his death. He therefore resolved not to move until a favorable opportunity presented. His son, Daniel Havens, and Thomas Pember were in the house, and made their appearance at the door a little before the Indians came up. Beholding the foe

but few rods distant, they ran for their lives. Daniel Havens made his escape by throwing himself over a hedge fence down the bank of the branch and crawling under a log, although a large number of the Indians passed directly over it in pursuit of him. Who can tell the fears that agitated his bosom while these savage pursuers stepped upon the log under which he lay? and who can tell the joys he felt when he saw them pass off, leaving him in safety? — a quick transition from painful fear and imminent danger to joyful peace and calm retirement. They pursued Thomas Pember till they came so near as to throw a spear at him, which pierced his body and put an end to his existence. He ran some time, however, after he was wounded, till by loss of blood he fainted, fell, and was unable to proceed farther. The savage monsters came up, several times thrust a spear through his body, took off his scalp, and left him food for worms. While they were tearing his scalp from his head, how did his dying groans pierce the skies and call on Him who holds the scales of justice to mark their cruelty and avenge his blood!

He had spent the night previous at the house of Mr. Havens, engaged in amorous conversation with a daughter of Mr. Havens, who was his choice companion, the intended partner of his life.

By imagination we view the fair survivor surrounded by the savage tribe, whose frightful aspect threatened ruin; her soul overwhelmed with fear, and stung with grief, bereft of her dearest friend.



They made the house of Mr. Havens their rallying point, or post of observation, and stationed a part of their company there to guard their baggage and make preparations for retreat when they had completed their work of destruction. Like the messenger of death, silent and merciless, they were scarcely seen till felt ; or, if seen, filled the mind with terror, nor often afforded opportunity for escape. Moving with violent steps, they proceeded down the first branch to its mouth ; while a number, armed with spears, led the van, and were followed by others, armed with muskets and scalping knives. The former they called *runners*, who were directed to kill all those who should be overtaken in an attempt to escape ; while the latter, denominated *gunners*, took charge of the prisoners, and scalped those who were killed.

They had not proceeded far before a young man, by the name of Elias Button, being ignorant of their approach, made his appearance in the road but a few rods from them. Espying his danger, he turned and ran with the greatest possible speed in his power to escape their cruel hands. The savage tribe pursued him with their usual agility, soon overtook the trembling youth, pierced his body with their spears, took off his scalp, and left him weltering in his gore. Young, vigorous, and healthy, and blessed with the brightest hopes of long life and good days, he was overtaken by the merciless stroke of death without having a minute's warning. Innocence and bravery were no shield, nor did activity secure him a safe retreat.

That they might be enabled to fall upon the inhabitants unawares, and thereby secure a greater number of prisoners as well as procure a greater quantity of plunder, they kept profound silence till they had arrived at the mouth of the branch.

After killing Pember and Button, and taking such plunder as most pleased their fancy, they proceeded to the house of Joseph Kneeland, who resided about half a mile distant from the house of Mr. Havens. Here they found Messrs. Simeon Belknap, Giles Gibbs, and Jonathan Brown, together with Joseph Kneeland and his aged father, all of whom they made prisoners. They then went to the house of Mr. Elias Curtis, where they took Mr. Curtis, John Kent, and Peter Mason. Mrs. Curtis had just waked from the slumbers of the night, and was about dressing herself as she sat upon her bed, when the savage monsters entered the door ; and one of them instantly flew at her, with a large knife in his hand, and seized her by the neck, apparently intending to cut her throat. While in the very attitude of inflicting the fatal wound, the murderous wretch discovered a string of gold beads around her neck, which attracted his attention, and prevented the dreadful stroke of death. Thus his avidity for gold allayed his thirst for human blood. His raging passions were suddenly cooled ; curiosity restrained his vengeance and spared the life of the frightened object of his cruelty. He had put the knife to her throat, and eternity seemed open to her view ; but instead of taking her life he only took

her beads, and left her rejoicing at her deliverance. The barbarous looks of the wicked crew bespoke their malignant designs, and caused horror and dismay to fill the minds of all who beheld them. But, alas! who can tell what horror thrilled the bosom of this trembling woman? What fearful pangs were made to pierce her soul! Behold the tawny wretch, with countenance wild and awful grimaces, standing by her bedside, holding her by the throat with one hand, and the weapon of death in the other! See standing around her a crowd of brutal savages, the sons of violence, foul tormenters! In vain do I attempt to paint the scene. Nor will I pretend to describe the feelings of a kind and tender mother, who, reposing in the arms of sleep, with her infant at her bosom, is roused from her slumbers by the approach of a tribe of savage Indians at her bedside.

To prevent an alarm from being sounded abroad, they commanded the prisoners to keep silence on pain of death. While the afflicted inhabitants beheld their property wasted and their lives exposed to the arrows of death, it caused their hearts to swell with grief. But they were debarred the privilege of making known their sufferings to their nearest friends, or even to pour out their cries of distress, while surrounded by the savage band, whose malevolent appearance could not fail to spread fear and distress in every bosom. They plundered every house they found till they arrived at the mouth of the branch. Here the commander, a British officer, took his stand with a small party of Indians, while some went up

and others down on each side of the river to complete the work of destruction. They had already taken several horses, which some of them rode, to facilitate their march and enable them to overtake those who attempted to make their escape. Frightened at the horrible appearance of their riders, who were in no way qualified to manage them, the horses served rather to impede than hasten their progress.

Instigated by "the powers of darkness," fired with rage, eager to obtain that booty which they acquired by the pillage of houses, and fearful, at the same time, that they should themselves fall a prey to the American forces, they pursued their ravages with infuriated zeal, and violence and horror attended their movement.

General Elias Stevens, who resided in the first house on the river above the mouth of the branch, had gone down the river about two miles, and was engaged at work with his oxen and cart. While busily employed loading his cart, casting his eye up the river he beheld a man approaching, bareheaded, with his horse upon the run, who, seeing General Stevens, cried out, "For God's sake, turn out your oxen, for the Indians are at the mill!"\* General Stevens hastened to unyoke his oxen, turned them out, and immediately mounted his horse and started to return to his family, filled with fearful apprehensions for the fate of his beloved wife and tender offspring. He had left them in apparent safety, repos-

\* The mills to which he referred, owned by a Mr. Morgan, were situated on the first branch, near its mouth.

ing in the arms of sleep. Having proceeded on his return about half way home, he met Captain Joseph Parkhurst, who informed him that the Indians were but a few rods distant, in swift pursuit down the river, and that, unless he returned immediately, he would inevitably fall into their hands.

Apprised of his danger, he turned and accompanied the captain down the river. Conjugal and parental affection alone can suggest to the imagination of the reader what were the feelings of General Stevens when compelled for his own safety to leave the wife of his bosom and their little ones to the mercy of a savage foe. What pains did he feel when he found himself deprived of all possible means to afford them relief! Nor could he expect a more favorable event than to find them all sacrificed at the shrine of savage barbarity. Who, not totally devoid of sympathy, can refrain to drop a tear as he reflects upon those painful emotions which agitated the general's breast when he was forced to turn his back upon his beloved family while thus exposed to danger? Indeed, it was his only source of consolation that he might be able to afford assistance to his defenceless neighbors; and as they soon came to the house of Deacon Daniel Rix, he there found opportunity to lend the hand of pity. General Stevens took Mrs. Rix and two or three children with him upon his horse; Captain Parkhurst took Mrs. Benton and several children upon his horse with him; and they all rode off as fast as possible, accompanied by Deacon Rix and several others on foot, till they arrived at the place where

the general first received the alarm. Filled with anxiety for his family, and not having seen any Indians, General Stevens here concluded again to return, hoping he should be able to reach home in time to secure his household from danger before the Indians arrived. Leaving Mrs. Rix and children in the care of a Mr. Burroughs, he started for home, and had proceeded about half a mile when he discovered the Indians in the road ahead of him, but a few rods distant. He quickly turned about, hastened his retreat, soon overtook the company he had left, and entreated them immediately to leave the road and take to the woods, to prevent being taken. Those who were on foot jumped over the fence, hastened to the woods out of sight of the Indians, where they remained in safety, undiscovered by the savage foe, who kept the road in pursuit of General Stevens. He passed down the road about half a mile, and came to the house of Mr. Tilly Parkhurst, his father-in-law. Seeing his sister engaged in milking by the barn, he "told her to leave her cow immediately, or the Indians would have her," and left her to secure her own retreat. They were now in plain sight, not more than eighty or a hundred rods off. The road was full of them, running like bloodhounds. The general rode to the house, told them to run for their lives, and proceeded to warn others who lived contiguous. By this time the way was filled with men, women, and children, and a large body of Indians in open view but just behind them. The savage tribe now began to make the surrounding wilderness

reëcho with their frightful yells. Frightened and alarmed for their safety, children clung to their parents ; and half-distracted mothers, filled with fearful apprehensions of approaching destruction, were heard to make the air resound with their cries of distress. General Stevens endeavored to get them into the woods, out of sight of the Indians. Fear had usurped the power of reason, and Wisdom's voice was drowned in the torrent of distraction. There was no time for argument ; all was at stake ; the enemy hard by, and fast approaching ; defenceless mothers, with helpless infants in their arms, fleeing for their lives. Despair was spread before them, while the roaring flood of destruction seemed rolling behind them. Few could be persuaded to go into the woods ; and most of them kept the road till they arrived at the house of Captain E. Parkhurst, in Sharon. Here they halted a moment to take breath, hoping they should not be pursued any farther. The Indians, being taken up in plundering the houses, had now fallen considerably in the rear. But the unhappy victims of distress had not long been here when the cruel pursuers again appeared in sight.

Screaming and crying now witnessed the horrors of that dreadful scene. Groans and tears bespoke the feelings of a heart agitated with fear and swollen with grief. There was no time to be lost. While they waited they waited for destruction. Children hanging to their mothers' clothes ; mothers inquiring what they should do, and calling for

assistance ; floods of tears and piercing shrieks, — all presented to view a most painful scene. Seeing the Indians approaching with hideous yells that thrilled the heart of every one, General Stevens put his mother and his sister upon his own horse. Captain Joseph Parkhurst put Mrs. Rix and three of her children upon another horse, without a bridle, and ordered them to hasten their flight. There yet remained the wife of Captain E. Parkhurst, who stood in the most critical situation in which a woman can be placed, begging and crying for help, surrounded by six small children clinging to her clothes and pleading with her for protection. Alas ! how awful was the spectacle, how affecting the scene, to see a woman in this deplorable condition pleading for succor when none could help, when safety and support had fled, and dangers were rushing upon her ! A heart not devoid of sympathy could not fail to weep. Conscious of her wretched situation, feeling for her dear children, being told there was no probability for her escape, gathering her little ones around her she wept in bitterness of soul ; tears of pity ran down her cheeks while she waited the approach of the savage tribe to inflict upon her whatever malice could invent or inhumanity devise.

Her husband, to whom she fain would have looked for protection, was gone from home when all her woes fell upon her. Well might she say, " Therefore are my loins filled with pain ; pangs have taken hold upon me as the pangs of a woman that trav-



aileth ; my heart panted ; fearfulness affrighted me ; the night of my pleasure hath he turned into fear unto me." While Mrs. Parkhurst saw her friends and neighbors fleeing from her, and beheld the Indians approaching with impetuous step, her bosom throbbed with anguish ; horror seized her soul ; and death, immediate death, both to her and her children, "stood thick around her," threatening to thrust his dagger into her aching heart. There was no time to decide on the priority of claims to pity or the demands of justice. Those who were nearest at hand first received assistance ; not, however, without regard to that affection which arises from consanguinity or matrimonial connection ; and these relations not only unite the hearts but connect the hands in scenes of distress.

At the time General Stevens put his mother and his sister upon his horse, the Indians were not eight rods from him ; they, in company with Mrs. Rix and her children, rode off as fast as possible : the general followed with several others on foot. Part of the Indians pursued them, while others entered the house and plundered it of its furniture. They took her eldest son from her ; then ordered her, with the rest of her children, to leave the house. She accordingly repaired into the fields back of the house with five of her children, and remained in safety till they had left the place. Soon after General Stevens started, his dog came in his way, and caused him to stumble and fall, which so retarded his progress that he was obliged to flee to the woods for safety,

leaving the women and children to make the best of their retreat. The Indians pursued down the road after them with frightful yells, and soon overtook those who were on foot. They took Gardner Rix, son of Deacon Rix,\* a boy about fourteen years old, just at the heels of his mother's horse, while she was compelled to witness the painful sight. Alas! what distress and horror filled her bosom, when she, with three of her children no less dear than herself, fleeing from the savage foe, mounted upon a horse snorting with fear, having nothing but a pocket handkerchief in his mouth for a bridle, saw her wearied son, faint for want of breath, fall a captive to this barbarous crew! Cruel fate! The trembling youth, overwhelmed with fear and bathed in tears, was now torn from his tender parents, and compelled to roam the wilderness to unknown regions. Nor was the disconsolate mother, with her other little ones, left in a much more safe condition. Exposed and expecting every step to fall to the ground, which, if it proved not their death, would leave them a prey to the savage monsters, no tongue can tell the pains she felt, nor pen describe the horrors of her soul. To behold her little son, while fleeing for his life, fall into the hands of these sons of cruelty, what kind and tender mother would not feel her heart to bleed? May we not listen to the voice of Imagination, and hear her say, —

\* Captain Rix then lived where Mr. Phelps now lives. 1853.

"O infinite distress ! such raging grief  
Should command pity, and despair relief ;  
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,  
Give sense to rocks and sympathy to stones " ?

The Indians pursued the women and children as far as the house of Mr. Benedict, the distance of about a mile. They effected their escape, though surrounded with dangers and pursued with impetuous and clamorous steps. Here they discovered Mr. Benedict on the opposite side of a stream, called Broad Brook, which ran near the house. They beckoned to have him come over to them ; choosing, however, not to hazard the consequences of yielding obedience to their request, he turned and ran a short distance, and hid himself under a log. He had not long been in this situation when these bloodthirsty wretches came and stood upon the same log, and were heard by him to exclaim, in angry tone, "If we could find him he should feel the tomahawk."

After standing upon the log some time, and endeavoring to espy the concealed, trembling object of their pursuit, they left him and returned to the house. Ah, what joy filled his bosom when he saw these messengers of death pass away, leaving him in safety ! How must his heart have glowed with gratitude towards the "great Preserver of men" at this unexpected deliverance from the most imminent danger !

His joys, however, were not unmingled with sorrow, as the fell destroyers were still at his house,

committing ravages and wasting his property. But no man can be supposed to put his property in competition with his life.

The Indians pursued down the river about forty rods farther, where they made a young man, by the name of Avery, prisoner, and then concluded to return.

While they were at the house of Tilly Parkhurst, aforementioned, (which was about six miles from the place they entered Royalton,) his son, Phineas Parkhurst, who had been to alarm the people on the east side of the river, just as he entered the stream on his return discovered the Indians at his father's door. Finding himself in danger, he immediately turned to go back ; and the Indians just at this time happened to see him, and fired upon him. This was the first gun they fired after they entered the town. The ball entered his back, went through his body, came out under his ribs, and lodged in the skin : notwithstanding the wound, he was, however, able to ride, and continued his retreat to Lebanon, in the State of New Hampshire, the distance of about sixteen miles, with very little stop, supporting the ball between his fingers. He now resides in that town, and sustains the character of a useful physician, and an industrious, independent farmer.

That party of Indians which went down on the east side of the river extended their ravages as far as the house of Captain Gilbert, in Sharon, where a public house is now kept by Captain Dana. Here they took a nephew of Captain Gilbert, by the name

of Nathaniel Gilbert, a boy about fifteen years of age. They now resolved to return, and commenced that waste of property which tracked their progress. As they retraced their steps, they set fire to all the buildings they found, of every description. They spread desolation and distress wherever they went. Houses filled with furniture and family supplies for the winter, barns stored with the fruits of industry, and fields stocked with herds of cattle were all laid waste.

They shot and killed fourteen fat oxen in one yard, which, in consequence of the inhabitants being dispersed, were wholly lost. Cows, sheep, and hogs, and, indeed, every creature designed by the God of nature to supply the wants of man, which came within their sight, fell a prey to these dreadful spoilers. Parents torn from their children, husbands separated from their wives, and children snatched from their parents presented to view an indescribable scene of wretchedness and distress. Some were driven from their once peaceful habitations into the adjacent wilderness for safety, there to wait the destruction of their property; stung with the painful reflection that their friends, perhaps a kind father and affectionate brother, were made captives, and compelled to travel with a tawny herd of savage men into the wild regions of the north, to be delivered into the hands of enemies and undergo the fatigues and dangers of a wretched captivity; or, what was scarcely more to be deplored, learn with pain that they had fallen the unhappy

victims to the relentless fury of the savage tribe, and were weltering in their gore where there was no eye to pity or friendly hand to administer relief.

The third party of Indians who went up the river first came to the house of General Stevens. Daniel Havens, whose escape I have mentioned, went directly there, and warned the family of their danger. Trembling with fear, he only stepped into the house, told them that "the Indians were as thick as the d—l at their house," and turned and went directly out, leaving the family to secure their own retreat.

Mrs. Stevens and the family were in bed, excepting her husband, who, as before stated, had gone down the river, about two miles from home. She immediately arose from her bed, flung some loose clothes over her, took up her child, and had scarcely got to the fire when a large body of Indians rushed in at the door. They immediately ransacked the house in search of men, and then took the beds and bedding, carried them out of doors, cut open the bedticks, and threw the feathers into the air. This made them sport enough. Nor did they fail to manifest their infernal gratification by their tartarean shouts and disingenuous conduct.

Mrs. Stevens entreated them to let her have some clothes for herself and child; but her entreaties were in vain. They were deaf to the calls of the needy, and disregarded the demands of justice. Her cries reached their ears, but nothing could excite one single glow of sympathy. Her destitute

and suffering condition was plain before their eyes ; but they were blind to objects of compassion. Alas ! what bitterness of soul, what anguish, what heart-rending pangs of fear distressed her tender bosom ! Surrounded by these pitiless, terrific monsters in human shape, with her little offspring in her arms, whose piercing shrieks and tender age called for compassion ; exposed to the raging fire of savage jealousy, unquenchable by a mother's tears ; anxious for the safety and mourning the absence of her bosom friend, the husband of her youth,—it is beyond the powers of imagination to conceive or language to express the sorrows of her heart.

At one moment securely reposing in the arms of sleep, with her darling infant at her breast ; the next amid a savage crew, whose wicked hands were employed in spreading desolation and mischief, whose mortal rage exposed her to the arrows of death. After plundering the house they told Mrs. Stevens to "be gone or they would burn." She had been afraid to make any attempt to escape, but now gladly embraced the opportunity. She hastened into the adjacent wilderness, carrying her child, where she tarried till the Indians had left the town.

A boy by the name of Daniel Waller, about fourteen years old, who lived with General Stevens, hearing the alarm given by Mr. Havens, set out immediately to go to the general and give him the information. He had proceeded about half a mile when he met the Indians, was taken prisoner, and carried to Canada.

They left the house and barn of General Stevens in flames, and proceeded up the river as far as Mr. Durkee's, where they took two of his boys prisoners, Adan and Andrew, and carried the former to Canada, who died there in prison.

Seeing a smoke arise above the trees in the woods adjacent, the hostile invaders directed their course to the spot, where they found a young man, by the name of Prince Haskell, busily engaged in chopping, for the commencement of a settlement. Haskell heard a rustling among the leaves behind him, and, turning round, beheld two Indians but a few feet from him. One stood with his gun pointed directly at him, and the other in the attitude of throwing a tomahawk. Finding he had no chance to escape, he delivered himself up as a prisoner, and was also carried to Canada. He returned in about one year, after enduring the most extreme sufferings in his wanderings through the wilderness on his way home.

A Mr. Chafee,\* who lived at the house of Mr. Hendee, started early in the morning to go to the house of Mr. Elias Curtis to get his horse shod. On his way he saw Mr. John Kent ahead of him, who was upon the same business. Wishing to put in his claim before Mr. Chafee, he rode very fast, and arrived at the house first. He had scarcely dismounted from his horse when the Indians came out of the house, took him by the hair of his head, and

\* Mr. Chafee lived near where Mr. Dewey now lives, 1851.



pulled him over backwards. Seeing this, Mr. Chafee immediately dismounted, jumped behind the shop, hastened away, keeping such a direction as would cause the shop to hide his retreat. Thus he kept out of sight of the Indians, effected his escape, and returned to the house of Mr. Hendee.\* On receiving the alarm given by Mr. Chafee, Mr. Hendee directed his wife to take her little boy, about seven years old, and her little daughter, who was still younger, and hasten to one of their neighbors for safety, while he should go to Bethel, the town west of Royalton, and give the alarm at the fort.

Mrs. Hendee had not proceeded far when she was met by several Indians upon the run, who took her little boy from her. Feeling anxious for the fate of her child, she inquired what they were going to do with him. They replied that they should make a soldier of him; and then hastened away, pulling him along by the hand, leaving the weeping mother with her little daughter to witness the scene and hear the piercing shrieks of her darling son.

This leads me to notice one instance of female heroism, blended with benevolence, displayed by Mrs. Hendee, whose name deserves ever to be held in remembrance by every friend of humanity.

She was now separated from her husband, and placed in the midst of a savage crew, who were committing the most horrid depredations and destroying every kind of property that fell within their

\* Mr. Hendee lived near where Milo Dewey now lives, 1853.

grasp. Defenceless, and exposed to the shafts of envy or the rage of a company of despicable Tories and brutal savages, the afflicted mother, robbed of her only son, proceeded down the river with her tender little daughter hanging to her clothes, screaming with fear, pleading with her mother to keep away the Indians.

In this condition, possessing uncommon resolution and great presence of mind, she determined again to get possession of her son. As she passed down the river she met several Tories who were with the Indians, of whom she continued to inquire what they intended to do with the children they had taken, and received an answer that they should kill them. Still determined not to part with her son, she passed on and soon discovered a large body of Indians stationed on the opposite side of the river. Wishing to find the commanding officer, and supposing him to be there, she set out to cross the river, and just as she arrived at the bank, an old Indian stepped ashore. He could not talk English, but requested by signs to know where she was going. She signified that she was going to cross ; when he, supposing she intended to deliver herself up to them as a prisoner, kindly offered to carry her and her child across on his back. But she refused to be carried. He then insisted upon carrying her child ; to which she consented. The little girl cried, and said " she didn't want to ride the old Indian." She was, however, persuaded to ride him ; and they all set out to ford the river.

Having proceeded about half way across, they came to deeper and swifter water; and the old Indian, patting the mother upon the shoulder, gave her to understand that if she would tarry upon a rock near them, which was not covered with water, till he had carried her child over, he would return and carry her also. She therefore stopped and sat upon the rock till he had carried her daughter and set it upon the opposite shore, when he returned and took her upon his back, lugged her over, and safely landed her with her child.

Supported by a consciousness of the justice of her cause, braving every danger, and hazarding the most dreadful consequences, not excepting her own life and that of her children, she now sat out to accomplish her object.

She hastened to the commanding officer, and boldly inquired of him what he intended to do with her child. He told her that it was contrary to orders to injure women or children. "Such boys as should be taken," he said, "would be trained for soldiers, and would not be hurt."

"You know," said she, in reply, "that these little ones cannot endure the fatigues of a march through the vast extent of wilderness which you are calculating to pass. And when their trembling limbs shall fail to support their feeble bodies, and they can no longer go, the tomahawk and the scalping knife will be the only relief you will afford them. Instead of falling into a mother's arms and receiving a mother's tender care, you will yield them into

the arms of death, and earth must be their pillow where the howling wilderness shall be their only shelter. Truly a shelter from a mother's tears, but not from the jaws of wild beasts or a parent's grief. And give me leave to tell you," added she, "were you possessed of a parent's love, could you feel the anguish of a mother's heart at the loss of her first born, her darling son, torn from her bosom by the wicked hands of savage men, no entreaties would be required to obtain the release of my dear child."

Horton replied, "that the Indians were an ungovernable race, and would not be persuaded to give up any thing they should see fit to take."

"You are their commander," continued she, "and they must and will obey you. The curse will fall upon you for whatever crime they may commit; and all the innocent blood they shall here shed will be found in your skirts 'when the secrets of men's hearts shall be made known;' and it will then cry for vengeance on your head!"

Melted into tears at this generous display of maternal affection, the infamous destroyer felt a relenting in his bosom, bowed his head under the weight of this powerful eloquence and simple boldness of the brave heroine, and assured her that he would deliver her child up when the Indians arrived with him. The party who took him had not yet returned. When he arrived, Horton, with much difficulty, prevailed on the Indians to deliver him up. After she had gained possession of him, she set out, leading him and her little girl by the hand, and hastened

away with speed, while the mingled sensations of fear, joy, and gratitude filled her bosom. She had not gone more than ten rods when Horton followed, and told her to go back and stay till the scouting parties had returned, lest they should again take her boy from her. She accordingly returned, and tarried with the Indians till they all arrived and started for Canada. While she was there, several of her neighbors' children, about the same age of her own, were brought there as captives. Possessing benevolence equal to her courage, she now made suit for them ; and, by her warm and affectionate entreaties, succeeded in procuring their release. While she waited for their departure, sitting upon a pile of boards, with the little objects of charity around her holding fast to her clothes, with their cheeks wet with tears, an old Indian came and took her son by the hand, and endeavored to get him away. She refused to let him go, and held him fast by the other hand till the savage monster violently waved his cutlass over her head, and the piercing shrieks of her beloved child filled the air. This excited the rage of the barbarous crew so much as to endanger her own and the lives of the children around her, and compelled her to yield him into his hands. She again made known her grievances to Horton, when, after considerable altercation with the Indians, he obtained her son, and delivered him to her a second time, though he might be said to "fear not God nor regard man." Thus, like the importunate widow

who "troubled the unjust judge," this young woman\* obtained the release of nine small boys from a wretched captivity, which doubtless would have proved their death. She led eight of them away, together with her daughter, all hanging to her own clothes and to each other, mutually rejoicing at their deliverance. The other, whose name was Andrew Durkee, whom the Indians had carried to the house of Mr. Havens, was there released according to the agreement of Horton with Mrs. Hendee, and sent back on account of his lameness.

Being told that the great bone in his leg had been taken out in consequence of a fever sore, an old Indian examined it, and cried out, "No boon! no go!" and, giving him a blanket and a hatchet, sent him back.

Mrs. Hendee carried two of the children across the river on her back, one at a time, and the others waded through the water with their arms around each other's neck. After crossing the river she travelled about three miles with them, and encamped for the night, "gathering them around her as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." The names of the children who were indebted to her for their release from the savage tribe were Michael Hendee, Roswell Parkhurst, son of Captain Ebenezer Parkhurst, Andrew and Sheldon Durkee, Joseph Rix, Rufus and ——— Fish, Nathaniel Evans, and Daniel Downer. The latter received such an

\* Mrs. Hendee was at this time aged twenty-seven years.

affright from the horrid crew that he was ever afterwards unable to take care of himself, wholly unfit for business, and lived for many years wandering from place to place, a solemn though silent witness of the distress and horror of that dreadful scene.

Mrs. Hendee now (1818) lives in Sharon, where the author visited her, and received the foregoing statement of this noble exploit from her own mouth. It is also corroborated by several gentlemen now living, who were eye witnesses.

She has buried her first and second husbands, and now lives a widow, by the name of Moshier. Her days are almost gone. May her declining years be crowned with the reward due to her youthful deeds of benevolence. She has faced the most awful dangers for the good of mankind, and rescued many from the jaws of death.

In view of the exceeding riches of that mercy which has protected her through such scenes of danger, may she devote her life to the service of the mighty God, and, at last, find a happy seat at the right hand of Him "who gave himself a ransom for all." And thus let the children who are indebted to her bravery and benevolence for their lives "rise up and call her blessed." Gratitude forbids their silence; for to maternal affection and female heroism alone, under God, they owe their deliverance from savage cruelty. The boldest hero of the other sex could never have effected what she accomplished. His approach to the savage tribe to intercede in behalf of those defenceless children most surely would

have brought upon himself a long and wretched captivity, and perhaps even death itself.

The Indians, having accomplished their nefarious designs, returned to the house of Mr. Havens with their prisoners and the plunder of houses which they had devoted to destruction. Here was the place where they had commenced their ravages. The old man, as before observed, having concealed himself under a log, at the time he espied the Indians in the morning, while hunting for his sheep, still remained in sorrowful silence undiscovered. He had considered it unsafe to move, as a party of the crew had continued there during the day, and had twice come and stood upon the log under which he lay, without finding him.

After collecting their plunder together, and distributing it among them, they burned the house and barn of Mr. Havens, and started for Canada. It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon. They carried off twenty-six prisoners from Royalton, who were all delivered up to the British as prisoners of war.

They all obtained their release, and returned in about one year, except Adan Durkee, who died in camp at Montreal.

Twenty-one dwelling houses and sixteen good new barns, well filled with hay and grain, the hard earnings of industrious young farmers, were here laid in ashes by the impious crew. They killed about one hundred and fifty head of neat cattle, and all the sheep and swine they found. Hogs in their pens and



cattle tied in their stalls were burned alive. They destroyed all the household furniture except what they carried with them. They burned the house of Mr. John Hutchinson ; and giving his wife a hatchet and a flint, together with a quarter of mutton, told her to "go and cook for her men." This they said to aggravate her feelings, and remind her of her forlorn condition.

Women and children were left entirely destitute of food and every kind of article necessary for the comforts of life, almost naked, and without a shelter. Wandering from place to place, they beheld their cattle rolling in their blood, groaning in the agonies of death, and saw their houses laid in ruins. Disconsolate mothers and weeping orphans were left to wander through the dreadful waste, and lament the loss of their nearest friends, comfortless and forlorn.

The Indians took away about thirty horses, which were, however, of little use to them, but rather served to hinder their progress. Their baggage was composed of almost every article commonly found among farmers ; such as axes and hoes, pots, kettles, shovels and tongs, sickles, scythes and chains, old side saddles, and bedticks emptied of their feathers, warming pans, plates, and looking glasses, and indeed nearly all kinds of articles necessary for the various avocations of life.

On their return they crossed the hills in Tunbridge, lying west of first branch, and proceeded to Randolph, where they encamped for the first night,

near the second branch, a distance of about ten miles. They had, however, previously despatched old Mr. Kneeland, a prisoner whom they considered would be of the least service to them, with letters to the militia, stating that "if they were not followed the prisoners should be used well ; but should they be pursued, every one of them would be put to death."

The alarm had by this time spread through the adjacent towns ; and the scattering, undisciplined militia shouldered their muskets, and hastened to pursue them. They collected at the house of Mr. Evans, in Randolph, about two miles south of the encampment of the Indians. Here they formed a company, consisting of about three hundred in number, and made choice of Colonel John House, of Hanover, New Hampshire, for their commander. They supposed the Indians had gone to Brookfield, about ten miles from that place, up the second branch. With this expectation they took up their march about twelve o'clock at night, hoping they should be able to reach Brookfield before light, and make them prisoners. They had scarcely started when the American front guard, to their utter surprise, were fired upon by the rear guard of the enemy. Several fires were exchanged, and one of the Americans wounded ; when Colonel House, through cowardice or want of skill, commanded them to halt and cease firing. He then ordered them to make a stand, and kept them in suspense till the Indians had made their escape. To hasten

their flight, the savage tribe were compelled to leave at their encampment a considerable quantity of their plunder, nearly all the horses, and made good their retreat.

Here they killed two of the prisoners, by the names of Joseph Kneeland and Giles Gibbs. The former was found dead, with his scalp taken off, and the latter with a tomahawk in his head.

At daylight Colonel House courageously entered the deserted camp, and took possession of the spoil; but, alas! the enemy were gone, he knew not where. Urged by his brave soldiers, who were disgusted at his conduct, he proceeded up the second branch as far as Brookfield, in pursuit of the enemy, and, not finding them, disbanded his men and returned.

Had Colonel H. possessed courage and skill adequate to the duties of his station, he might have defeated the enemy, it is thought, without the least difficulty, and made them all prisoners. His number was equal to that of the enemy, well armed with muskets, and furnished with ammunition. The enemy, though furnished with muskets, had little ammunition, and were cumbered with the weight of much guilt and a load of plunder. They had encamped upon a spot of ground which gave the Americans all the advantage, and their only safety rested in their flight. The American force consisted of undisciplined militia, who promiscuously assembled from different quarters, but were full of courage, animated by the principles of justice, and determined to obtain redress for the injuries they had received from the barbarous crew.

Many of them, likewise, had friends and connections then in possession of the Indians, to obtain whose freedom they were stimulated to action. But, alas! their determination failed, their hopes were blasted. They were forced to relinquish the object, and suffer their friends to pass on and endure a wretched captivity. They, however, forced the Indians to leave the stream and take their course over the hills, between the second and third branch, which brought them directly and unexpectedly to the house of Zadoc Steele, whom they made prisoner, and took to Canada.









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